

# The Daily Mirror

No. 387.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## FATHER GAPON PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE RUSSIAN STRIKERS.



This excellent photograph shows Father Gapon (wearing a white cross), the leader of the St. Petersburg demonstrators, standing amid some of the strikers who were so ruthlessly shot down in the first massacre. By his side is General Foulon, who, for his sympathies with the reform movement, has been removed from the Governorship of St. Petersburg, to make way for the notorious General Trepoff.—(Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the "Sphere.")

## TROOPS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE STRIKERS.



The cordon of troops drawn up at the Winter Palace to stop the progress of the working men who were marching there to present their now famous petition to the Tsar. When the order was given by the Grand Duke Vladimir to charge the crowd these men mercilessly shot down their helpless countrymen. — (Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the "Sphere.")



BIRTHS.

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## Rioters Subdued By Hunger.

St. Petersburg Strikers to  
Return to Work.

## Trepoff's Boast.

"I Do Not Merely Hope Order Will  
Prevail; I Know It."

## The Press Gagged.

Workmen in the Provinces Lulled by  
Specious Promises.

The iron hand of General Trepoff is re-  
tuning St. Petersburg to order.

Yesterday's "Official Messenger" asserts  
that the strikers have returned to their work.  
The Press has been gagged. Foreign mes-  
sages are rigorously censored. The strikers'  
funds are exhausted.

The boast made by Trepoff to the "Matin"  
correspondent is, therefore, in a fair way of  
being justified.

"I do not merely hope that perfect order  
will prevail here," he said. "I know that it  
will."

The widespread disaffection of Russia is  
harder to deal with. The latest messages  
show that, while men are returning to their  
work in some places, fresh strikes are con-  
tinually occurring.

In most cases the men are being induced  
to return to work by promises of fair con-  
sideration of their demands.

## Must Starve or Work.

Hopeless Plight of Strikers Whose Funds  
Are Exhausted.

The following message from St. Petersburg,  
dated January 28, appears in the "Aurore":—  
"The workmen now only have funds enough for  
one or two days, and they will be compelled by  
hunger either to pillage or to resume work. The  
Workmen's Committee has decided that resistance  
against the Army cannot be organised owing to the  
want of cartridges, and that the best thing is for  
the strikers to resume work temporarily, with the  
idea of taking possession of the military works and  
treasuries later on."

## Quiet Capital.

St. Petersburg Free from Military Display—  
Newspapers Published.

FRIDAY.—All was quiet last night in this city,  
and traffic in the streets this morning is again  
normal.

Nearly all the composers will resume work to-  
day. The "Imperial Messenger," the "Journal of  
Trade and Industry," the "Ruskiy Invalid," and  
the "Journal de St. Petersburg," are published  
this morning. The printing offices of these papers  
were guarded by police patrols throughout the  
night.

The military is not to be seen in the streets to-  
day.

The Chief Press Administration yesterday ad-  
dressed a circular to the newspaper offices prohib-  
iting the publication of news or comments regarding  
the strike.—Reuter.

## Accepts M.P.'s Sporting Offer.

The sporting offer made by Mr. Yerburgh, M.P.,  
to pay the expenses of six men who would go out  
to test the ability of white men to work side by  
side with blacks in the South African mines has  
been accepted.

Mr. Fairclough, of 9, Ormond-street, Chester,  
who served in Earl Chester's Yeomanry during the  
war has agreed. He has no doubt he can work  
under the stipulated conditions for six months,  
as he had charge of a gang of prisoners engaged  
in the mines, and knows exactly what to expect.

## Great Cotton Combine.

It is officially announced that the amalgamation  
of the Federation of the Master Cotton Spinners'  
Association and the Bolton Master Cotton Spinners'  
Association has been finally arranged.  
The joint body embraces thirty million spindles.

## Tsar's Despair.

Seeks Consolation in a Variety  
of Advisers.

## M. Witte Summoned.

The Tsar has summoned M. Witte to Tsarskoe  
Selo.

The announcement is significant of the despair  
and vacillation of the unhappy monarch, whose  
irresolution is described in a message appearing in  
the "Echo de Paris."

"On Monday morning the Tsar decided to put  
St. Petersburg in a state of siege. Prince Mirsky, on  
hearing of this decision, proceeded to Tsarskoe  
Selo and begged the Emperor not to declare a state  
of siege.

"The Tsar consented, but immediately after the  
departure of Prince Mirsky he appointed General  
Trepoff Governor-General on the advice of the  
Grand Duke Vladimir."

The "Petit Parisien" also gives a lamentable  
version of his impotence and despair.

"After having displayed absolute sangfroid at  
the time of the Neva blessing incident, the Tsar,  
on reaching his apartments in the Winter Palace,  
gave way to a regular fit of despair, and in the  
presence of his assembled family insisted that the  
Grand Dukes should take the oath on pictures  
("ikons") to tell him the whole truth, as he was  
beginning to doubt the loyalty of officers and  
men.

"It was decided that the Tsar should go to  
Tsarskoe Selo to recover from his emotion, and he  
was kept in ignorance of all the agitation that  
preceded the events of Sunday."

## Pacifying Moscow.

Men Induced To Work by Promise of  
Consideration.

It is estimated that half the strikers of Moscow  
are now at work again.

In the majority of cases the men have not had  
their demands granted. When small parties of  
the men returned to work the masters refused to  
take them on unless they brought all the others  
with them.

The City Prefect has issued a Proclamation de-  
claring that the demands of the workmen will be  
examined and will be satisfied within legal limits  
after they have resumed work.

The night passed quietly.

## Ladies Killed at Riga.

RIGA, Friday.—It has been ascertained at the  
hospitals that twenty-nine men and two ladies were  
killed, and thirty-seven civilians and eight soldiers  
were wounded by revolver bullets in yesterday's  
encounter.

M. Kemschnoff, the director of the savings  
bank, died to-day.

At the request of the workmen the theatres have  
been closed.—Reuter.

## In the Provinces.

Twelve Thousand Workmen Reported To Be  
Marching on Moscow.

A strike has broken out in the Volsk suburb of  
Warsaw. The workmen are quiet.

The exiled Finns permitted to return to their  
country by the Tsar have arrived at Helsinki.

A strike has commenced at the Benner Works  
in Libau, and there have been some scenes of  
disorder.

The men in the printing departments of all  
the newspapers at Minsk have joined the strikers,  
and no journals appear.

The night passed quietly at Reval though the  
streets were in darkness owing to the strike. Two  
factories are resuming work.

The Governor of Kovno has received a deputa-  
tion of workmen. He promised that the Govern-  
ment would further their relations with the masters  
as much as possible.

At Mitau a crowd numbering about a thousand  
men caused a cessation of work, but afterwards  
dispersed peaceably. The troops retired to barracks,  
but patrols are on duty in the streets.

The port labourers of Theodosia ceased work,  
demanding the dismissal of one of the chief over-  
seers of the port. The police took measures to  
maintain order, and work was resumed.

Twelve thousand workmen from the industrial  
town of Ivanovo-Voznesensk are said to be march-  
ing on Moscow, and the troops appear not to be  
numerous enough in the district to repress serious  
disturbances.

## Great Battle in Manchuria.

Kuropatkin Crosses the Hunho and  
Is Defeated.

Another Russian disaster has taken place,  
judging from the somewhat meagre reports to  
hand.

On Wednesday a strong force of Russians  
crossed the Hunho River, and commenced  
offensive operations against the Japanese  
left.

A message received at Rome announces that  
the Russians were driven back, with the loss  
of four guns.

With characteristic ineptitude, the Russians  
made their advance at the most unfavourable  
time.

After letting slip weeks of mild weather,  
they chose a time for attack when the ground  
was so hard as to hamper their operations very  
seriously.

It is more than probable that this move was  
forced upon General Kuropatkin by the dis-  
affection of his army, concerning which  
several confirmatory reports have been re-  
ceived.

## Cavalry Fight.

Disastrous Forward Movement Against  
Japanese Left.

A Russian force, consisting of cavalry with guns,  
crossed the Hunho on Wednesday morning, on the  
Japanese left wing.

It was known, according to a Tokio message,  
dated Thursday, that they came into collision with  
Japanese troops, but the result was then in the  
balance.

An undated telegram from General Kuroki's  
headquarters was received in Rome yesterday, says  
the Exchange Company, stating that the Japanese  
have driven back a body of Russians who advanced  
across the Hunho. The Japanese captured four  
guns.

## Kuropatkin's Version.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—General Kuropatkin  
to-day wired to the General Staff to the effect that  
an offensive movement had been commenced by his  
right flank. In their advance the Russians occupied  
two hamlets and captured 200 cattle.—Exchange.

## Cold Impedes the Advance.

WITH GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS,  
FRIDAY.—The winter on the Shaho which is just  
beginning must be attended with great suffering  
from the cold weather which has now set in fol-  
lowing a long period of remarkable mildness. The  
temperature is now below zero, and the plains are  
covered with several inches of snow, which com-  
plicated falling yesterday. The ground is too  
hard for rapid trenching. To-day's move is the  
most important one since General Mischenko's  
raid.—Reuter.

## Reinforcements Demanded.

ROME, Friday.—A cipher telegram from Mukden  
states that General Kuropatkin has urged the au-  
thorities in St. Petersburg to send him reinforce-  
ments.

He declares that if his force is not further aug-  
mented he will be unable to hold out and will be  
obliged to retreat in order to avoid the decisive  
battle which Marshal Oyama is ready to force upon  
him.—Exchange.

## "Stop the War" at Mukden.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Tele-  
graph" says:—

"The most important piece of absolutely trust-  
worthy information which has reached me to-day  
is that General Kuropatkin has forwarded a tele-  
gram to the Emperor, setting forth that his off-  
ensive power is seriously hampered by the obstinate  
reluctance of his soldiers from the European pro-  
vinces to advance against the enemy.

"The European soldiers argue that Port Arthur  
having surrendered, there is no object in continu-  
ing the war."

## Where Mischenko Failed.

PARIS, Friday.—The following Mukden message  
appears in the "Journal": "It is pointed out that  
General Mischenko's Russian cavalry, had it  
carried out its mission with less hesitation, would  
have been perfectly well able to seize Yinkau,  
which was only defended by 300 Japanese infantry,  
and to destroy the immense stores of food, pro-  
visions and ammunition, valued at several  
thousand pounds sterling. That would have been  
a real disaster for the Japanese, who were now  
stationed a strong garrison at Yinkau."—Reuter.

From Potsdam it is stated that Prince Eitel  
Friedrich is taking nourishment better, and his  
strength has so far been satisfactory.

## "Daily Mirror's" General Election.

Colossal Canvass Conducted in  
Every Constituency.

## Remarkable Results.

The result of the Dorset election, announced  
yesterday morning, was a pronounced Liberal gain.

Mr. A. H. Wills (L) .....	4,239
Sir R. Baker (C) .....	3,330

Majority .....

909

The last polling was in 1900, when the late  
member, Mr. J. K. Wingfield-Digby (C), with  
3,705, beat the Hon. G. Gordon (L), by a majority  
of 540.

Since May, 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain de-  
clared for protection, there have been nine Liberal  
gains.

The result has revived the belief, expressed in  
the *Daily Mirror* again and again, that at a very  
early date there will be a general election.

In order to elicit the probable results of the  
approaching contest to the constituencies, several  
hundreds of electioneering experts have been busily  
engaged by the *Daily Mirror* during the past three  
weeks in estimating the chances of the respective  
candidates throughout the United Kingdom.

On Monday next the first of a series of striking  
results of this gigantic canvass will be published in  
the *Daily Mirror*.

Every constituency in the United Kingdom will  
be dealt with separately, and the experts will state  
clearly the reasons on which they base their results.

The enormous nature of the canvass will be  
understood when it is remembered that the ex-  
perts have had to deal with an electorate repre-  
senting seven millions of voters.

## A Vast Labour.

The huge undertaking of accurately "sounding"  
the views of rural constituencies, many of which  
stretch for a distance of a hundred miles, and in  
lands unacquainted with railways, may be  
gathered from the fact that one constituency alone  
took a staff of three *Daily Mirror* canvassers  
nearly a week to complete.

The *Daily Mirror* staff represent the most im-  
partial as well as the most reliable experts in the  
country, and it is worthy of note that in those cases  
in which it has been necessary to engage the ser-  
vices of a partisan the forecast has frequently been  
in opposition to the correspondent's own political  
predilection.

The articles should be of immense interest and  
value to politicians who are anxious to gauge the  
effect of tariff reform, the Education Act, the  
Aliens Bill, and other issues upon the electorate.

It may be mentioned that the results to hand  
indicate a series of sensational changes in the rep-  
resentation of boroughs and counties alike.

The articles will be illustrated with electoral  
maps, and useful statistical statements will be  
published from time to time.

## British Skipper Praised.

North Sea Commissioners Congratulate John  
White, of the Alpha, on His Evidence.

PARIS, Friday.—A bright sun shone through the  
windows of the hall at the opening of to-day's sit-  
ting of the North Sea Commission, and, in spite  
of the cold, the public seats were full.

John White, skipper of the Alpha, bold in a blue  
uniform with brass buttons, and the tallest witness  
yet, told in quick, graphic sentences the story of  
the firing. He said it lasted twenty minutes, and  
ceased at a signal, the rapid movement of a search-  
light.

Asked how far he could see at night, he said 15  
times five miles, and at times ten, for lights, but  
hulls only at half a mile. He thought the ships  
which fired were only 300 to 500 yards off.

At the conclusion of his evidence, Admiral Four-  
nier congratulated him on his graphic description.

"Thank you, sir," said White.

After Dr. Colmer, of the mission-ship, had  
declared he had never on his honour seen a  
Japanese on board, a discussion arose as to the  
evidence of Alfred Cozier Fletcher, the master of  
the Amapora.

He was to speak of his dealings with the Russian  
agents who went to Hull to gather evidence. M.  
Nekuloff, the Russian advocate, protested that  
these things had nothing to do with the case, so  
Fletcher was put back, and the Admirals will  
debate the point.

## World's Largest Diamond.

JOHANNESBURG, Friday.—The largest diamond  
in the world, weighing 3,032 carats, has been dis-  
covered at the Premier diamond mine.—Reuter.

The famous Koh-I-Noor, which is valued at  
£120,000, weighs 123 carats, though when uncut it  
was said to have weighed 900 carats.



## ETON BOYS IN PERIL.

Fine Fire Discipline Averts a Great Disaster.

### NARROW ESCAPE.

Again the safety of a number of Eton boys has been threatened by a fire, but luckily the result has not, as on a former occasion, been a sacrifice of life.

About seven o'clock yesterday morning dense volumes of smoke woke the maidservant in the house of Mr. F. W. Tatham, where about fifty boys were sleeping, including the Hon. Finch Hatton.

She aroused her master and the matron, and it was found that one of the rooms on the second story was alight.

A boy who was awake also at once dressed and ran to the nearest fire-alarm. He broke the glass, and then was at a loss what to do. He thought by the mere act the alarm had been given, and so rushed back to the house.

Fortunately, a man employed in the headmaster's office, who had seen the smoke, ran to the alarm near St. John's Schools and called up the fire brigade.

By this time the boys in Mr. Tatham's house were fully aroused. Some dressed, some in their night attire, they bravely set to their fire drill, and, displaying great discipline and self-control, marshalled in the corridors. They were all able to walk out of the building in safety.

The firemen were speedily at work, but a hole was burnt through the ceiling of one room and the flooring had to be taken up before the fire was got under.

It is stated that the new college fire-escape had met with an accident a day or two ago and was not available.

### House To Be Pulled Down.

The flames had reached to within a yard of a bed in which one of the boys was sleeping when the outbreak was discovered.

The cause of the fire is not known, and an inquiry is to be instituted. If it had occurred at night it is probable that a disaster would have been difficult to avert.

Mr. Tatham's is an old, four-storey building shortly to be demolished to make room for the memorial building to be erected in honour of old Etonians who fell in South Africa.

The former outbreak occurred about eighteen months ago, on June 1, 1903, a Whit Monday, at Mr. Kinderby's, and two boys were suffocated—Lionel G. Lawson and James Kenneth Home, both only fourteen years old.

But for the presence of window-bars one, at least, of the deaths might have been averted. The effect was the subsequent removal of all the window-bars at Eton.

## LEGISLATION FOR WORKLESS.

Government Will Try to Solve the Unemployed Problem Next Session.

Although the officials at the Local Government Board state that published forecasts of legislation to deal with the unemployed are premature there is little doubt as to the lines upon which Mr. Walter Long will frame his measure.

Independent of the present local authorities, central county committees will be formed with limited rating powers. They will be empowered to take land for farm colonies, to initiate works of a national character, and contribute towards the cost of local works provided a certain number of unemployed are engaged upon them.

An important feature of the new enactment is that persons employed by these committees will not be disfranchised.

## MR. BALFOUR AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

At Manchester yesterday afternoon Mr. Balfour received a deputation representing the Manchester unemployed, who asked him whether he was in favour of the compulsory establishment of a labour bureau in defined areas which shall be empowered to find employment or maintenance for unemployed persons of both sexes.

Owing to the Premier having already agreed to receive a similar deputation in London, this interview was private, but the deputation reported that the Prime Minister's answer was evasive and entirely unsatisfactory.

### 71,000 MORE PAUPERS.

There has been a general increase in pauperism in England and Wales during the past four years, the increase being more marked in the last quarter of 1904.

Indoor and outdoor paupers at the end of last year numbered 816,210, an increase of 71,558 on the number at the end of 1903.

London's paupers numbered 324,400 at the close of last year, or 11,148 more than in the previous year.

## "IF I WERE TSAR!"

Well-known People Tell How They Would Act as "Little Father."

Sir William Crumond, the Mayor of Dover, has told the listening world what he would do if he were Tsar of Russia in the present crisis.

"What I would have done last Sunday if I were Tsar," said Sir William Crumond, "would have been to have invited the Grand Dukes, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and the rest of the Bureaucracy to a banquet. During these proceedings I should have raised my glass to them, and said:

"Gentlemen, there is a special train in waiting to convey you to Siberia, and there are troops to see you safely through. Goodbye!"

"Then I should have discussed matters with the people's representatives."

To ascertain what other people would do the *Daily Mirror* yesterday addressed to a number of prominent men the pertinent query: "What would you do if you were Tsar?"

The following are among the replies received:—  
SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, R.A.: "I should first of all protect the Fine Arts!"

THE REV. FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J.: "I cannot imagine myself losing so God-sent an opportunity of being the saviour of my people."  
"But the Tsar is fed on lies, believing them to be truth."

SIR F. C. BURNAND (the editor of "Punch"): "I haven't time to consider, but I hope I should do exactly the opposite of whatever the Tsar does."

MR. G. B. BURGESS (the popular novelist): "If I were Tsar, I should cut the Grand Dukes, and come right out and meet my people."

MR. G. H. PERKINS (the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom): "There being no rational alternative, I should abdicate."

MR. WILFRED VOYNICH: "If I had been criminally weak enough to act as he has done, I don't suppose it would matter much how I acted."

## EXCITING FIRE SCENES.

People in Night Attire Seek Safety on the Roofs.

There was an exciting scene in the small ducal borough of Dulkeith yesterday morning. The premises of the largest firm of drapers in the district caught fire, and the flames rapidly spread to adjoining buildings. Another shop—a draper's—brush factory, and a grocer's establishment all caught fire, and the families occupying the second and third storeys of dwelling-houses found their escape cut off.

By clambering along ledges and over roofs they fortunately got away from the furiously burning warehouses. Many of the people were in their night gear, and had to depend upon kindly neighbours for wraps.

Children ran about shivering in the keen morning air until temporary accommodation was found for them.

Fortunately no lives were lost, but the loss of property amounts to at least £20,000.

## LOST FOR FOUR MONTHS.

Missing Cousin Tells the 'Daily Mirror' That She Does Not Want To Be Found.

Miss Florrie Kendall, who acted as dresser to her cousin, Miss Marie Kendall, the well-known comedienne, and who has been missing since the middle of September, has written to the *Daily Mirror*.

Miss Kendall says, briefly, that she does not wish to be found. The letter bears no address, but the postmark is Leicester.

Miss Kendall, who says that it was through the *Daily Mirror* that she learned that her mother was advertising for her, adds that "a few of my relatives know I have always wanted to break away from my family."

She has had a quarrel with her cousin, but blames herself for the dispute.

She adds that "this is a family affair," and that she is now quite happy.

Miss Kendall's mother, on being shown the letter, at once recognised her daughter's handwriting.

## REVIVAL OF TRADE.

Mr. J. Spencer Phillips, presiding at the annual meeting of Lloyds Bank, held at Birmingham yesterday, said there were indications of a revival of trade all the world over. The exports showed a tendency to increase, and the tinplate trade, which had been regarded as a defunct industry, and the cotton trade in Lancashire were now flourishing at good prices.

The new Carmelite 6d. song, "Defiance," words by Florence Hoare and music by J. L. Roedel, will be sung by Mr. Laurence Harwood at the hall of the 1st Surrey Rifles, Camberwell, to-night.

## MYSTERY SOLVED.

Missing Accountant Found Drowned in the Thames.

### PUZZLING CASE.

Partial solution of the mystery of Mr. J. A. Robinson, the Conduit-street accountant, who has been missing since Christmas Eve, has come.

His body was taken from the Thames off Middleton's Wharf, Wapping, by a boatman, named William Hayhew, early on Thursday morning.

Yesterday at the coroner's court in Stepney the evidence given did not add much that would assist a further solution of the mystery, and an open verdict was returned.

The body was fully dressed, and there were no signs of violence. In the opinion of the experts it had been in the water from the day of the disappearance. Identification was made by relatives from papers in the pockets.

Mr. Robinson was an expert swimmer, and this was adduced in evidence as an argument against the theory of suicide.

### Was it Due to Fog?

In private life, it will be remembered, Mr. Robinson was a man of most temperate, regular habits. He had lived with his wife, son, and daughter at Kingston-lane, Teddington, for many years.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* his son said: "My father was a regular 'day-at-home,' and had very few friends. It required a tremendous effort to get him to go anywhere at nights."

"The firm where he was managing clerk in Conduit-street have examined his accounts, and found everything correct. There was no conceivable reason why my father should wish to go away."

When he left the house in the morning he was supposed to have had about £10, a cheque for £50, to buy Christmas presents, and a gold watch and chain.

"My father might," added his son, "have walked into the river in the dense fog."

Later the family offered a reward of £25 for any information which would lead to the discovery of their missing relative.

The only clue they received was from a bank messenger, who said that he had seen Mr. Robinson talking to two sporting-looking gentlemen at 11.30 in Piccadilly on the morning of December 24, and he had a very worried look.

## SKATING PROSPECTS.

Ice Bearing in the North, and Racing Arranged for Monday.

The frost returned yesterday, and skating is likely to be general if the low temperature continues.

An emergency committee of the National Skating Association last night decided to resume racing on Monday at Lingay Fen.

The lowest temperatures recorded yesterday were:

Henley	18	Bath	24
London	21	Lowestoft	20
Chester	21	Newmarket	30

Skating is general in the north and hunting has been interrupted.

In the Upper Thames Valley the river is frozen over in several places. Skating has begun again, and there is a good catch of ice in good condition at Cockmarsh, Bourne End.

From Wimbledon Park and Hendon last night's telegrams reported that there are good prospects of skating to-day.

## LOAF THROWN AT THE LORD MAYOR

A well-dressed girl of seventeen, Lily Thornton, on being sentenced to six months' imprisonment at the Mansion House, yesterday, drew a small loaf from her muff and hurled it at the Lord Mayor. It struck the desk in front of his Lordship.

The girl had been charged with being drunk and attempting to commit suicide, and was sent to prison in default of finding a surety to keep the peace.

### £20,000 FOR CHARITY.

Mr. William Russell Grace, of W. R. Grace and Co., merchants, New York and London, who died in March last, left estate in England valued at £20,515, and estate in the United States worth £20,100.

He bequeathed £20,000 to the Grace Institute, New York.

## DISAPPOINTING MOTOR SHOW.

The Fourth Annual Automobile Show, opened at the Crystal Palace yesterday, was disappointing. The most noticeable feature was the number of touring cars; two very fine ones are shown by the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate.

## 200 LOVE LETTERS.

Fair Breach of Promise Plaintiff Faints in Court.

Without giving any reason, James Cadwell, an ex-police constable, broke off his engagement with a bright-eyed Cornish lady named Catherine Quick, aged twenty-seven, and yesterday at Cornwall Assizes Miss Quick was awarded £50 damages and costs.

For eight years they had been engaged, and an affectionate correspondence was carried on between them after Cadwell left Camborne to join the police force at Fowey. Two hundred letters were written, and Cadwell showed how much attached he was to Miss Quick.

"I hope it will not be long before we enjoy ourselves for the rest of our lives," he once wrote. "I suppose it won't be long before that takes place."

Then again:—

"Live in hopes for days to come when we shall get united. Won't that be grand, dear? That is the only thing I am wishing for."

Referring to long engagements from which nothing resulted, Cadwell wrote:—

"But darling, we are not labouring under that silly idea, because we think more of each other now than ever we did, don't us, darling?"

When his affections began to cool he said:—

"It would be ten times better, Quick, if you would break off the engagement, because it is impossible for us to go on as we have been doing, for it causes us both pain and worry. So, Quick, write soon, and let me know whether you are going to break it off or not. By Jove, Quick, if you don't, I must!"

And he did.

Miss Quick swooned in court and had to be carried out.

## KING'S MESSENGERS.

Radical Changes in the Dispatch of Government Communiqués.

Democratic methods are beginning to be adopted even by the Foreign Office.

No special messenger is now sent regularly from London to Paris. The railway company takes charge of the messages to Dover, and they are met and conveyed to Paris by an official of the British Embassy there.

Radical changes have recently been made in the arrangements for sending special messengers to the various foreign capitals.

The messengers now go via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, and set out every Tuesday. On one Tuesday a messenger leaves for Constantinople and on the next the route is to St. Petersburg.

On the northern route only St. Petersburg and Berlin are dealt with direct, the bags for Brussels being "dropped."

### £1,200 FOR A VIOLIN.

Famous Instrument by Stradivarius To Be Offered at Auction.

It is an extremely uncommon occurrence for a genuine violin by that famous maker Antonio Stradivarius to appear in the saleroom, but one to be sold by Messrs. Glendining next Wednesday is accompanied by certificates which place its authenticity above doubt.

At one time it was in the possession of a famous amateur, who purchased it in Berlin for £1,200. Of the Strads in existence perhaps the most notable is the "Messiah," which was sold for £2,000.

Another interesting sale shortly to be seen in London will be that of the famous library of the late John Scott, Esq. It contains 5,000 volumes, chiefly devoted to Scotch history and trade, and the sale is expected to last eleven days.

### "NEVER ARRESTED BEFORE."

At Bow-street yesterday Emil Krauze, described as a mine-owner, was committed for extradition on a charge of having embezzled about £20,000 in Austria-Hungary.

When the prisoner was arrested in the smoking-room of the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, he said: "No human being shall take me from here," and he struggled fiercely. At the police station he expressed his sorrow. "But," he added, "I was never arrested before."

### MARRIED 2,000 PEOPLE.

In his farewell address to parishioners, the Rev. Isaac Price, M.A., who has resigned the living of St. Luke's, Preston, states that he has officiated at 1,000 weddings.

\* \* The Over-Seas "Daily Mail" is acknowledged to be the best weekly budget of home news that Britons in distant lands can possibly have.

For five shillings a copy will be sent weekly, postage paid, for fifty-two weeks. The Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," London, E.C., will also forward a specimen copy on application.



## NURSES AT LAW.

Mysterious Letter Written by an  
L.C.C. Inspector.

## RETICENT WITNESS.

King's Bench Court II. was crowded with nurses yesterday. There were professional nurses in uniform and professional nurses in muff, amateur nurses in the daintiest muff, and amateur nurses who would clearly have liked to appear in uniform.

They had all come to hear the resumption of the nursing "cause celebre" that is now occupying the attention of Mr. Justice Jelf and a common jury.

Some time ago a professional nurse, Mrs. Groom by name, wrote to a second professional nurse, Miss A. Morell, who is head of a training home for nurses in Putney.

Mrs. Groom told Miss Morell that she had a daughter whom she wished to put into a home as a patient. Could Miss Morell tell her about the character of a home, near Miss Morell's, kept by a third nurse, a Miss Mary Cowan, with whom her daughter had been in communication?

## Cause of the Litigation.

Miss Morell wrote back, and the following is an extract from her letter:—

One has to be careful about writing about these things. If I could see you I could tell things about the home that would make you hesitate before you sent your daughter there.

Making this extract, and others, the ground of her complaint, and also some alleged strong statements in conversation, Miss Cowan brought an action for libel and slander.

The audience of nurses had a treat when Mrs. Groom went into the witness-box to explain how she had come to apply to Miss Morell, for the former lady had some most remarkable information to impart.

## Mysterious L.C.C. Inspector.

She put the following facts before the Court—chiefly in cross-examination.

1. She had signed her letter to Miss Morell with the name of Richardson instead of Groom.
2. She had headed it with an address in Gipsy-road, a newspaper shop, instead of with the address of her own home.
3. She had talked of her "daughter" when she meant a young lady who was not her daughter, but regarded by her—as were all her patients—as a "foster-daughter."
4. She had adopted these precautions because otherwise she would not have got an answer. Nursing homes were so bigoted that they did not give information to other nursing homes. All nurses did the same as she did.
5. She had got an L.C.C. inspector to copy her letter out.

Mrs. Groom showed signs of indignation when she was asked to give the name of the inspector—amanuensis. At last she was with great difficulty persuaded to write it down. Inspectors were often at her place, she said.

The plaintiff nurse described at length the reason why she considered Miss Morell was trying to damage her. She had had a "row" with Miss Morell over a financial transaction. After this Miss Morell had announced her intention of "making it hot."

The case was adjourned until Tuesday next.

## DOCTORS AT VARIANCE.

The doctors in King's Bench Court IX. are still disagreeing.

Dr. J. H. Peet and Dr. E. J. Lithgow, both of Farnborough, are at issue in a libel action over the advisability of an operation performed by the former on a patient of the latter's.

Yesterday a local vicar denied that he had described Dr. Lithgow as "not worth three halfpence," and Dr. Lithgow gave his own side of the story.

The case was adjourned.

**THE**  
**WHOLESALE JEWELLERY CO.,**  
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and every kind of JEWELLERY, ELECTRO-  
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Monogram, a bargain.  
Sole retail at 25/-

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GOLD CHAIN  
RING. Set price,  
Sole retail 14/6.

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Rings a speciality.

413, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.  
(OFFICES OVER)

## DUKE'S UNCLE IN COURT.

Bench Dismisses a Charge Against  
Lord Charles Innes Ker.

Lord Charles Innes Ker, who is uncle to the Duke of Roxburghe, surrendered to his bail at Croydon, yesterday, to answer a charge of having obtained credit for more than £20 without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Tall and good looking, the elderly aristocrat looked very nervous and worried during the hearing of the case.

Mr. E. G. Smith, a comedian, of Carshalton, supplied fodder to the value of £44 to Carshalton Park House, where Lord Ker was living with his wife.

Then, seeing signs of their moving, Mr. Smith applied for settlement of his account.

This he failed to secure, and as credit had been going on without Mr. Smith's knowing that the defendant was an undischarged bankrupt, a warrant for Lord Ker's arrest was applied for on April 30, and issued on May 1.

For the defence Lord Ker attributed the liability to his wife, who rented the house.

The prosecutor, after the issue of the warrant, received the following letter from that lady:—

London, May 28, 1904.  
Lady Charles Innes Ker encloses Mr. Smith the sum of £21 15s. 6d. on account of the bill she owes him, and will forward the rest in a few days on her return to town.

The Bench dismissed the charge, as there was not sufficient evidence that defendant had himself obtained credit, and they thought that no jury would convict.

## END OF A ROMANCE.

Unhappiness Follows a Runaway Match—  
Charge Against a General's Son.

At Wood Green Police Court yesterday Hamilton Cox, of Hordford-street, Islington, was charged with assaulting his wife.

It was stated that the accused was a son of the late General Sir William Cox, and that the parties were married in 1887, the pair running away to Jersey. The prosecutrix was only seventeen years at the time.

Prosecutrix stated that she kept a tobaccoist's shop, but her husband did not work. The previous day her husband struck her.

The magistrate fined prisoner 10s. and made a separation order.

## CALLOUS MURDERER.

Charged with Killing His Daughter, He  
Laughs at the Evidence.

There was a dramatic scene at the Greenwich Police Court yesterday, when Edward Harrison was charged with the wilful murder of his daughter, Mrs. Rickus.

Mrs. Rickus was the wife of an insurance agent living at Gosterwood-street, Deptford. She was found by her aunt and uncle on Thursday night lying dead in the passage of the house.

While evidence of the discovery was being given the prisoner wore a smile and occasionally laughed. Then came a sudden interruption. The dead woman's husband started up in court, and approaching the dock called the prisoner "a dirty dog."

"You shut up," answered the prisoner, with an oath, "you have done a nice thing."

The husband then broke down, and left the court crying.

A detective told the Court that when the prisoner was arrested in Deptford, he said he was "very pleased" his daughter was dead.

He afterwards made a statement, in which he said:—

"What do I care? Ha! ha! Revenge is sweet. I know I am going to be hanged. Oh, I am so happy."

"I have only been having a drink. I am as happy as a sand-boy, and I shall die as happy as a sand-boy."

Accused was remanded, and left the dock still laughing.

## SCENE AT A MOURNERS' PARTY.

Meeting the hearse containing the remains of his married daughter, Benjamin Sagg, of Bristol, stopped it to place some wreaths on the coffin.

After the funeral Sagg and his son returned to the house of the widow, and complaining that the cottage left before the arranged time, assaulted him. At the police court yesterday the father was bound over and the son fined 10s.

Swansea Fisheries Board announces that though there is an abundance of oysters in the bay the demand all over the country is very poor.

## BRIDAL PARTY WRECKED.

Runaway Horses Cause Dismay to the  
Wedding Guests.

The story of a wildly exciting wedding drive was told at the Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, when Mr. and Mrs. Dean, of Goodmayes, Essex, sued Messrs. Pope and Son, jobmasters, of Highgate.

The gentleman asked for £37 10s. and the lady for £12 1s. compensation for injuries received through the alleged negligence of defendants or their servants.

In August Mr. and Mrs. Dean went to the wedding of Mr. John Meeks, of Hornsey. They got into one of the defendants' broughams, the other occupants being a Mr. and Mrs. Sims and a Miss Black.

Going down Archway-road, said Mr. Dean, the horses went at a breakneck speed down the incline, the coachman, to their astonishment, using his whip. The carriage swerved all over the road.

At last the coachman fell off the carriage on to the kerb, while the horses, breaking away from the carriage, dashed off at full speed down the road.

Replying to counsel, Mr. Dean said the five occupants of the carriage were all mixed up together. His wife was on the floor, and all the others fell on her. He himself was pinned down by a wheel.

His best clothes were ruined beyond repair.

## FETING A JOURNALIST.



Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, who is retiring from the editorial chair of the "Morning Post" to take over the editorship of the "Manchester Courier." He is to be entertained to dinner by his colleagues and friends at the Cafe Monico on February 4.—(H. Walter Barnett.)

## NON-STOP WALTZING.

"Master of the Art" of Dancing Derides  
Contests of Mere Endurance.

"Professor" Arthur Rickards, who has challenged "masters of the art" of dancing to a contest, with a view to beating the world's record of eighteen hours' continuous waltzing, has been met with indignant protests.

"No master of the art," said Mr. Hurdall, the proprietor of five large London dancing academies, "would dream of accepting the challenge."

A navy might be found who would waltz for eighteen hours, but his performance would lack the grace—the soul of dancing.

"Anything which would increase the grace and culture of the art would be worthy of support; but not this debasing suggestion."

"I would make a counter-suggestion. Let us have a contest of ability in national dances, such as the 'Fling,' or modern ball-room dances, the Velela, or the Arlington."

## CAUGHT THROUGH A PHOTOGRAPH.

Charged with embezzling £4,650 from a bank in Fiume, Hungary, where he is alleged to have been cashier, Benjamin Corner, alias Carlo Bartoli, a young Austrian, was remanded at Glasgow yesterday.

He had been identified by a photograph, and arrested a few hours before he intended embarking from Glasgow for Montreal.

David Cooper, a laboratory attendant of the Regent-street Polytechnic, was found by his wife sitting in his chair before the fire quite dead.

'DAILY MIRROR' WEEK  
AT THE LYCEUM.

Date of the Interesting Fair-Priced  
Amusement Test.

## WHAT WE AIM TO DO.

Letters keep pouring into the *Daily Mirror* offices urging the adoption of Mr. Barrasford's proposal that we should work the Lyceum Theatre for a week on the lines suggested by the fair-priced amusement discussion which raged for several days in our columns.

Many correspondents suggest that the matter is of vital importance, present day variety entertainment being either dull, dear, highly-spiced, or lengthy. To show from a commercial point of view that it would pay to run a brisk, crisp, wholesome, moderate-priced entertainment would, our correspondents contend, be a matter of great benefit to the public.

They will hear with satisfaction that the negotiations we have been conducting with Mr. Barrasford since the receipt of the letter containing his novel proposal were concluded yesterday.

## Date of Test Week.

We have decided that during the week beginning February 6—that is Monday week—the *Daily Mirror* shall be responsible for the arrangement of fourteen or fifteen performances of two hours each. These performances will be more varied in quality than any ever given at a variety theatre—the representation of a scene from one of the most popular of great operas, sung by artists of the highest quality, will be one of the attractions, and the prices of admission to readers of the *Daily Mirror* will be cheaper than those of any place of amusement open in London.

The afternoon performances will commence at 3 o'clock, and finish at 5, the first evening performance will begin at 7, and the second at 9.15 p.m.; that at 7 finishing at 9 o'clock, and the last performance terminating at 11.15. There will be no waits between the acts, such as are common at other West End variety theatres—the longest interval will be one of thirteen seconds—so that in the two hours' amusement as much will be provided as would, with "long waits," occupy three hours.

## Every Comfort Considered.

Between each performance the theatre—one of the most beautiful in London—will, by means of the sliding roof it possesses, be thoroughly ventilated, and, to ensure the comfort of every visitor, it will be possible to book every seat in the theatre in advance during the *Daily Mirror* week.

Details have still to be settled in regard to the programme which we shall present at the various performances during the *Daily Mirror* week, and also in regard to the prices we shall fix for the purpose of our "fair price" test. We can assure our readers, however, that the performance will be wholesome and of the highest quality, and the prices the cheapest ever associated with a first-class entertainment.

Further particulars of the arrangements for the *Daily Mirror* week will appear on Monday, and it is our hope that not only will the week's experiment at the magnificent theatre in Wellington-street, Strand, prove of real service to the cause of cheap amusement, but result in a handsome profit for one or other of the many deserving charities in London.

**CHILDREN**  
**TEETHING**  
TO MOTHERS.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING  
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, RESTORES THE GUMS, ALLEVIATES ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for FLATULUS.  
Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per bottle.



## MORE POPULAR THAN A THEATRE.

Enormous Number of Applications for the Revival Meetings.

### POWER OF THE PRESS.

When the Torrey-Alexander mission opens in the Albert Hall a week to-night the scene promises definitely to be unprecedented in the history of religious revivals in this country. It is simply recording the fact to say that no pantomime or play was ever so eagerly sought after by the general public.

In proof of this already upwards of ten thousand applications have been made at the office of the general secretary, Mr. Putterill, Exeter Hall, for first-night seats in the limited "block" set apart for the aged and the infirm alone. These figures indicate the great expectations entertained of the mission. It is a novel sign of the times to find people in such numbers applying beforehand for seats at an evangelistic meeting.

From near and far the applications have come, and scores of parties are arranging with the railway companies for saloons at special rates. "Mission" trains will probably be run from different parts. Similarly, provincial newspapers are applying in such numbers for Press tickets that it will be impossible to accommodate half of them. This is a brand-new departure in journalism. When Moody and Sankey visited this country a generation ago only the weekly religious papers took any special notice of the meetings.

"Our greatest ally is the daily Press," said Dr. Torrey in a recent letter to a friend in London. "The flowing tide is with us. There are two dangers to be guarded against—vanity and cocksureness."

### REVIVAL RAYS.

After the first week Monday will be an "off" day with the mission.

Arrangements are not yet completed concerning the Islington marquee.

Two prominent millionaires have guaranteed their support to the mission.

During next week a public appeal will be made on behalf of the Torrey-Alexander Fund.

While in London the evangelists will live in private apartments. They get no stated salary.

At work or on holiday, Mr. Alexander reads one of the late Mr. Moody's sermons every day.

Mr. Fox-Butlin, who has been drilling the 3,000-voiced choir, declares his choral army proficient.

Mr. Robert Harkness, the pianist permanently attached to the evangelists, is a young Australian.

Though Dr. Torrey denounces dancing, he is tolerant regarding smoking, for everybody but himself.

Dr. Torrey arrives in London from Germany next Saturday—in good time for the inaugural evening meeting.

Take a "good square meal of the Word of God," daily, is Dr. Torrey's advice to "anemic Christians."

"Cultured evangelism" is the ideal which the Rev. W. J. Dawson has set before him in his American mission.

The architect has submitted the ground plan of the temporary Brixton tabernacle, which will accommodate 6,000 people.

Mr. Alexander sang and talked to Cambridge students yesterday. Many copies of the "Red Song-book" were ordered.

Some time in March Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander will hold a meeting "for students only," and at intervals meetings "for men only."

### DUE TO BAD TRADE.

Fewer First and Second Class Travellers on the Metropolitan Railway.

In 1904, 94,436,498 passengers were carried on the Metropolitan Railway, an increase of half a million on the previous year.

During the last six months, however, there has been a decrease in the number of passengers carried. In connection with this it was noticeable, said the chairman of the company, at yesterday's meeting, that the condition of trade in parts of London had caused a cessation in the daily travel of a large number of people.

There was a large decrease in the second class, a slight decrease in the first, but an increase in the third. This led to the conclusion that the company had been right in arranging for two classes only on the new electric trains, some of which would be running on the Inner Circle by March.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Army Council has decided to form a library of useful works for every regiment in the service.

Mr. Asquith was yesterday chosen Radical candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.

Northumberland miners will decide by vote whether or not they give a donation of £500 and grant £100 weekly to the Westphalian miners during the strike.

### SEVEN YEARS FOR A HALFPENNY.

Seven years, three months, and fourteen days constituted the period Henry Kearns, or Downs, stated in Manchester Sessions Court he had served for stealing a purse containing a halfpenny.

### EMPHATIC REPLY TO STRIKERS.

Weavers who struck work at Cairn Mills, Burnley, claiming higher wages, have had their answer.

The firm employing them have decided to transfer the whole of their linen trade to Belfast, and the change is to be brought about at once.

### TABLECLOTH AS SURPRISE.

What would have happened if a Liverpool clergyman had not found a brother cleric to come to his rescue the other day can only be imagined.

The reverend gentleman had arranged to take

A "Million Farthing Fund" has been started at Islington to encourage children to give to foreign church missions.

An agreement for the equipment of six White Star liners with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy was signed yesterday.

Lord Ridley, son of the late chairman of the North-Eastern Railway, was yesterday appointed a director of the company.

No Labour candidate, it was decided yesterday, will be allowed to participate in a Parliamentary Fund unless his trade society has contributed and guaranteed that he will be enabled to go to the poll.

### HISTORICAL CURIOSITY.

At least a hundred years old—she was captured soon after Trafalgar in the war with France—the old hulk Implacable, now lying at Devonport, is about to be sold.

She was the last vessel taken in the great war, and a suggestion has been put forward that she should be offered to the French Government.

### "PAYING GUESTS" IN WORKHOUSES.

Hotel proprietors may have cause to regard workhouses as serious competitors in the near future. "Paying guests" at unions are becoming quite common.

One in receipt of a weekly income of 10s., and

## LIBERAL VICTORY AT NORTH DORSET.



Mr. A. W. Wills, who was yesterday declared a member of Parliament for the North Dorset Division. The return of Mr. Wills with a majority of 905 is a gain of a seat to the Opposition.—(Elliott and Fry.)

duty at a certain church, and on opening his hand-bag produced—not a surplice, but a tablecloth, which his servant had evidently packed by mistake.

### TOO CLEVER.

There is a danger in doing things too well. The South Carnarvon Fisheries Board's clerk is ascertaining if the Board has power to refuse a licence to an angler who, by means of the worm, caught from 80 to 100 trout a day.

### MATCHES IN COAL MINES.

Out of eighty miners employed at Stanley Colliery, West Hallam, who were searched, six had the "apparatus for striking a light"—i.e., matches.

Though fined, they were given the benefit of the doubt that they had no intention of smoking down in the coal pit.

### TRACED BY A TRAIL OF PATENT FOOD.

Four men who robbed a shop at Shipley were traced by a trail of patent food to a stable where they took refuge.

They locked the door from the inside, and the police had to burst it open, one man hiding himself under some sacks.

### ELOPEMENT PREFERRED TO PROSAC MARRIAGE.

Preparations had been made for a wedding at a church near Newry, but during the night before the ceremony the bride disappeared.

Next day she was seen walking about in Newry, and, the would-be bridegroom spying her, the pair eloped and are now married.

now resident in Thakeham (Sussex) Workhouse, made his entry in dashing style. He drove up to the "house" in a cab, tendered the driver half a sovereign, and had £4.10s. in his possession.

### UNWELCOME VISITORS DEPART.

The Macedonian gipsies, who have been such unwelcome visitors in England, have at last determined to return to their native land.

Yesterday, with an escort of Metropolitan Police, they set out from Colney Heath, near Barnet, to the London Docks, en route for Rotterdam.

### UNPARALLELED RECORD.

Built at Crewe, and put into service on January 6, 1882, the London and North-Western Railway's locomotive, "Charles Dickens," holds a unique record.

It has the distinction—hitherto unparalleled—of having travelled nearly 2,100,000 miles in hauling express trains, and is still one of the fastest locomotives on the road.

### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

"Man can be a social animal without being an intoxicated animal," says the Rev. W. T. Kitching, who is trying a novel experiment at Portsea.

The Military Arms have been turned into a temperance public-house. Smoking in a large, well-furnished clubroom is allowed, and only temperance drinks are served at the bar.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### FATHER GAPON'S PORTRAIT.

In the picture reproduced on page 1 to-day is the best and latest photograph of Father Gapon.

Father Gapon, who has during the past few days become world-famous as the leader of the revolutionary movement in St. Petersburg, is seen in the picture surrounded by members of the labour association he organised, and by his side is General Foulon, who was Chief of Police in the Russian capital until the iron-handed Trepoff was invested with dictatorial powers to cow the revolted people into submission.

Since Father Gapon was reported to have been wounded during the great riots at St. Petersburg there has been no definite information concerning his whereabouts, but it is generally stated that he has found a safe refuge from the police, and is making arrangements for further demonstrations when the time is ripe.

This photograph we reproduce by courtesy of the "Sphere," a journal which has shown a great deal of enterprise in getting as complete a record of the stirring events in Russia as is possible. The picture of troops outside the Winter Palace is another evidence of their activity in this direction.

### PEACEFUL ST. PETERSBURG!

Though the authorities affirm that St. Petersburg has been completely pacified, the city is still practically in a state of siege, and an impenetrable cordon of soldiers separates the Royal and Grand Ducal palaces from the rest of the capital.

The photograph on page 1 shows the living wall which has been erected to isolate the Winter Palace, and was taken on the quay running in front of the Admiralty building along the banks of the Neva.

Large bodies of troops also hold all the principal strategic points in the unhappy city, and bands of Cossacks constantly patrol the streets to disperse the slightest semblance of a meeting.

### A BEWITCHED FARM.

A series of the most extraordinary happenings have been taking place at the farm of which we give a picture on page 9. Inanimate objects have been moving about apparently of their own volition, and a large number of fowls have been killed without any visible cause.

It is curious that the fowls killed—some 200 altogether—were all treated in the same somewhat remarkable manner. In each case their necks, from the head to the breast, were skinned, and the windpipe pulled out. Although the fowls have been closely watched night and day since this slaughter commenced, it has been going on continuously, until now there are only about two dozen fowls left.

Inside the house bottles have been seen leisurely advancing from their places on the shelves—until they fell over and were broken on the tiled floor beneath; sausages hung on a line would not remain where they were placed for two minutes together, and tubs of water have been emptying themselves of their own accord in inconvenient places.

Many offers have been made to Mr. White to "lay the witch" at his farm, which is at Binsbek, Lincolnshire, and Mr. John Dunn, of Gimsby, is about to make an attempt to overawe the supernatural influences which are supposed to be at work.

### HULL FISHERMEN IN PARIS.

We give on page 8 a particularly interesting photograph of one of the crews of the North Sea Inquiry Commission at Paris. It was taken, special permission having been obtained by the photographer, while the inquiry was actually in progress, and shows one of the men of the Gamecock fishing-boat of Hull giving evidence.

After the evidence of William Smith, mate of the Game, the boat sunk by the Russian fire, had been heard there was a dramatic episode, Admiral Fournier, the president, rising to express on behalf of the Commissioners—all sailors, as he observed—their admiration of his conduct while the trawler was sinking. Smith, it will be remembered, made heroic efforts to save the lives of the other members of the crew, and did not leave his boat until it literally sank under his feet.

### DODGING THE BAILIFFS.

The occupants of the Bristol villa shown in our photograph on page 9 have been successfully dodging the bailiffs for some time past in an attempt to avoid distraint.

The doors and windows are locked and barred, and no opportunity is given to the watchful men outside to gain an entrance, for the besieged take care to reposition their improvised fortress on Sundays, when an ancient Act, which is still in force, decrees that no distraint may be made. Once or twice they have made a sortie on week-days, but it has been managed with such skill that the bailiffs, one of whom occupies a strategic position in the conservatory at the back of the house while the other watches the front door—have not had a chance to execute their office.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

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 Get some to-day from your corn-dealer, or from  
 THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD., 56, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905.

## THE RISING TIDE?

COMING after the Conservative defeat at  
 Stalybridge, and the narrow victory  
 gained by Mr. Lawson in the Mile  
 End Division, the very large turnover of votes  
 in North Dorset is unusually significant.

If it stood by itself it would not cause so  
 much annoyance to the Ministry or so much  
 joy to the Opposition. It is not as if the  
 electors of North Dorset had always voted  
 Conservative before. The constituency was  
 even more Liberal in 1885 than it is to-day.  
 It is merely surging back to its old faith.

Still, the transformation of a majority of 500  
 into a minority of 900 is a striking achievement  
 for Mr. Wells to have accomplished against  
 a popular local man, and, following the other  
 failures of Conservative candidates to keep  
 up majorities, it is beyond question a sign of  
 the times.

All the same, it would be a mistake to sup-  
 pose that it will necessarily have any im-  
 mediate effect upon the political situation. The  
 Prime Minister can still rely upon the sup-  
 port of a majority in the House of Commons  
 not far short of a hundred, and he has just  
 told us that he has no intention of resigning  
 so long as his party shows confidence in him.

This has been generally taken as meaning  
 that Mr. Balfour will remain in office unless  
 he is beaten in the House of Commons. There  
 is, however, another possible interpretation  
 of his words. He may have used the term  
 "party" in a wider sense. He may have  
 meant the party as a whole, not merely the  
 Conservative members of the present Parlia-  
 ment.

If that be so, the repeated ill-fortune of  
 Conservative candidates may at length drive  
 Mr. Balfour to the conclusion that he no  
 longer enjoys the confidence of the Conserva-  
 tive party throughout the country. Then he  
 would certainly resign. No self-respecting  
 leader would care to stay in office against the  
 wish of the mass of electors.

With the view of testing the chances of  
 Conservative candidates at the general elec-  
 tion the *Daily Mirror* has been for some  
 weeks past making careful inquiries in all the  
 constituencies. On Monday we shall begin to  
 publish the results of our investigation. We  
 have taken all possible pains to arrive at  
 correct estimates, and we can promise that  
 they are absolutely impartial. They will, we  
 venture to think, be not only very interesting,  
 but also valuable to both parties.

## TO PREVENT BURIAL ALIVE.

The letter we print to-day urging that no  
 doctor should give a death certificate unless  
 he has actually seen the body and can certify  
 that life is extinct will be read with general  
 approval.

A thrill of painful distrust went through the  
 community upon the revelation of the fact  
 that the certificate of death in the case of the  
 Accrington woman who was nearly buried  
 alive was made out upon her husband's state-  
 ment that she had expired.

Now it appears from statements published  
 since that such a practice is quite common.  
 In fact, a communication came round to the  
 Press yesterday makes it clear that a doctor is  
 bound by law to issue a certificate if he is in-  
 formed that a patient whom he has attended  
 is dead.

The law certainly ought to be altered. As  
 it stands, it leaves the way open not only for  
 possible cases of premature burial, but also  
 for crime.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you have committed iniquity, you must expect  
 to suffer.—*Sophocles*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD and LADY STRADBROKE, who  
 have just taken Lord Salisbury's villa at  
 Beaulieu, have become great travellers  
 during the past few years. Lady Stradbroke  
 has not been well in England, and she is afraid  
 of facing the terrors of a northern spring. She  
 is one of the most beautiful of our peeresses—  
 dark, very pale, and with something delightfully  
 southern, like one of Byron's heroines, about her.  
 Lord and Lady Stradbroke married in 1898. It was  
 long before their happiness was completed by the  
 birth of a son and heir. Several daughters were

born first. At last, a little more than a year ago,  
 came the long-looked-for son, and he had Queen  
 Alexandra as his sponsor at baptism.

Lord Gosford's charming daughter, Lady Alex-  
 andra Acheson, whose engagement to the  
 Hon. Frederick Stanley, a son of Lord Derby,  
 has just been announced, will probably join the  
 house-party which the Lord-Lieutenant has invited  
 to meet the Prince of Wales at Dublin next week.  
 She and her two sisters, the Ladies Mary and  
 Theodosia Acheson, were the models for one of

Mr. Sargent's most famous pictures. Their father  
 is a favourite with the King, and a thorough sports-  
 man. His is a well-known figure at Tattersall's,  
 and buys horses with a fervour akin to that which  
 some people give to art-collecting or the buying  
 of books.

One cannot help sympathising with Miss Lilian  
 Russell, who has shown that she places art at  
 a little before business, and has declined to amuse  
 Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dinner-party in New York,  
 by singing to a cart of vegetables in front of them.  
 It requires some courage to withstand the army of fashion,  
 headed by Mrs. Fish, but Miss Russell has never  
 lacked courage. She is strong physically, well-  
 built, full of energy, and her nerves have never  
 given her any trouble. Once she displayed extra-  
 ordinary coolness in the most perilous position in  
 the world—that is to say, on the ground, with a  
 motor-car on top of her.

Miss Russell had gone out for a drive in the  
 motor-car with the chauffeur and a friend. They  
 were proceeding at the usual vertiginous speed  
 when they perceived an old woman, deaf and im-  
 movable, with a cart of vegetables in front of them.  
 They swerved to the right, the car fell over a  
 sloping bank, the chauffeur and the friend were  
 hurled in different directions, and Miss Russell was  
 pinned to the ground by the car. Instead of faint-  
 ing or screaming, however, she waited until her  
 friends had recovered, and then calmly gave them  
 directions as to how they should release her.

Mr. Arthur Thesiger, who is giving a concert  
 with his "Crimson Ramblers" pierrot troupe on  
 Tuesday at the Aolian Hall, in aid of the "Hearth  
 and Home" Guild of Aid for Distressed Gentle-  
 women, is one of society's best known entertainers.  
 He is a grandson of the late Lord Chelmsford; his  
 father holds a position in the House of Lords.  
 Both he and his brother, who is a painter, are great  
 at amateur theatricals, both in town and country,  
 and many charities have benefited by their efforts.

Now that his successor has been appointed, Sir  
 Hugh Barnes, the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma,  
 will make immediate preparations for coming home  
 to take up his duties as a member of the Council  
 of India. Lady Barnes will be very warmly wel-  
 come back to London. She is the most beautiful  
 of the four daughters of the late Preliminary Barnes  
 of Exeter. The other three are known as Miss  
 Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier), Miss  
 Gene Vanbrugh (Mrs. Dion Boucicault), and Miss  
 Angela Vanbrugh, who used to be one of our most  
 promising young violinists.

When she married Captain Mallaby, she gave  
 up the concert platform, and went with her husband  
 to India, where he acted as aide-de-camp to her  
 brother-in-law. Then, after a little more than a  
 year's married life, Captain Mallaby died. Since  
 then "Miss Angela Vanbrugh" (to give her the  
 name which is still more familiar) has lived with her  
 sister, Lady Barnes, in Burma. Now she is coming  
 home, it is possible she may take up her violin  
 once more. It will be a gain to lovers of music  
 if she does.

An interesting lecture was delivered last night  
 by Mr. E. F. Knight. That famous adventurer  
 and war-correspondent drew a crowd to hear him  
 speak on the "Falls of the Zambesi," at the Fins-  
 bury Town Hall. Mr. Knight has certainly man-  
 aged to evade the monotony which is supposed to  
 characterise modern life. He has passed through  
 an accession of the most startling adventures ever  
 since the day when, as a very young man, he fought  
 for the French against the Germans in the war  
 of 1870.

What he likes best in all the world is sailing.  
 He would put to sea in a tub without the slightest  
 fear, if he could find nothing more commodious.  
 He has crossed the Atlantic in a small cutter.  
 He has cruised from the Thames to the Baltic in a  
 tiny sailing-boat. He even tried to enter Havana,  
 during the Spanish-American war, in a rowing-  
 boat. Havana was blockaded at that time, and he  
 thought a rowing-boat might turn the blockade  
 as well as anything. The boat upset, however, about  
 a mile off the Cuban coast.

Mr. Knight clung to the keel all night, drifted  
 ashore in the morning, and was at once taken  
 prisoner by a Spanish patrol. The first thing he  
 did after being imprisoned was to order a new suit  
 of clothes, which were tried on through the bars  
 of his cell. No wonder that after such experiences,  
 he is inured to everything—even to hansom-cabs.

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 23.—The fight between winter and  
 spring seems almost to have commenced, between  
 frost and sunshine. Very soon there will be plenty  
 of work to do in the garden.

Although anemones and early gladioli do best  
 if planted in the autumn, they can be put in any  
 time during the next three weeks. It is best to  
 defer planting until early in the year, when the  
 soil is damp or heavy. The best time, however, is  
 in every garden. A bed of scarlet anemones is a  
 wonderful sight in spring. Early gladioli are also  
 fascinating.

The white variety (the Bride) is very useful for  
 cutting. E. F. T.

## THE WAVE-BATTERED SHIP OF STATE.



The defeat of the Conservative candidate at Stalybridge and the lowering  
 of the Government majority in Mile End have now been followed by a Liberal  
 victory in North Dorset.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Kuroki.

HE is supremely happy, for fighting has begun  
 again in Manchuria, and the Japanese  
 leader is never so happy as when he is in  
 the middle of a battle.

He does not seem to feel the strain in the least.  
 In spite of his sixty odd years, he would pass for  
 fifty. And he seems to be tireless in both field  
 and council.

To see him as he strolls up and down in front  
 of his tent you would never imagine that he was  
 an old man on whose shoulders so great a weight  
 was laid.

He is of middle height—rather tall for a Japanese—  
 with a face bronzed to the colour of mahogany.  
 His upper lip is covered by a close-cut grey  
 moustache, which does not hide his determined  
 mouth. The grey hair—which is left of it—is close-  
 cropped, too. The dark eyes, under their thought-  
 fully-puckered brows, have often a humorous  
 twinkle, but are always piercing.

In dress he is not particular, for he is a battle-fier,  
 not a parade soldier. Usually he is to be found  
 wearing a loose blue uniform, without any marks of  
 his rank upon it. Under his arm, or on his head,  
 a peaked cap, and, as often as not, his feet thrust  
 into comfortable slippers.

But whatever else may vary, he has always a  
 cigar—unless the occasion is a ceremonious one.  
 As for the character of the man, apart from his  
 military genius, it is summed up simply in  
 "dogged." He knows what he wants and how he  
 wants to get it, and nothing turns him aside.

Nor is there any false sentiment about him. He  
 can send mass after mass of brave troops to certain  
 death without a quaver, for he knows he must not  
 sacrifice the whole for the part.

He has literally not an emotion except his love for  
 his profession and his love for his country.

And, even then, they say he is only half-Japanese,  
 and that his father was a Pole, who had to flee his  
 country from Russian tyranny.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

"Why, how could you break your engagement  
 with Jack?"  
 "We were seasick together."—"Life."

Kate: Dolly is wearing Louis XV. shoes now.  
 Belle: I knew they were pretty big, but I didn't  
 think they were more than sevens.—"Somerville  
 Journal."

"I suppose you want an untearable book for  
 your little girl, madam?"  
 "Oh, no, I don't want little Mary to strain  
 herself!"—"Lüstige Blätter" (German).

Edna: What made you marry a man with such  
 an ugly name?  
 May: You ought to see how beautiful it looks  
 at the bottom of a cheque.—"Detroit Free Press."

Stranger: What is that painful screaming on the  
 first floor?  
 Answer: Someone lives there who extracts teeth  
 painlessly.—"Neue Fliegende Blätter" (Austrian).

"Herr Lieutenant, have you seen the picture  
 gallery?"  
 "No, I paint myself."—"Simplicissimus"  
 (German).

"Wasn't your traveller formerly bookkeeper in  
 your firm?"  
 "Oh, yes, he only sought a post as traveller  
 after he was married."—"Journal Amusant"  
 (Paris).

"Do you—aw—believe in the—aw—theory of  
 evolution, Miss Wise—that we all—aw—spring from  
 apes, don't you know?"  
 The beautiful girl hesitated. "I never used to,"  
 she replied firmly.—"New York Press."

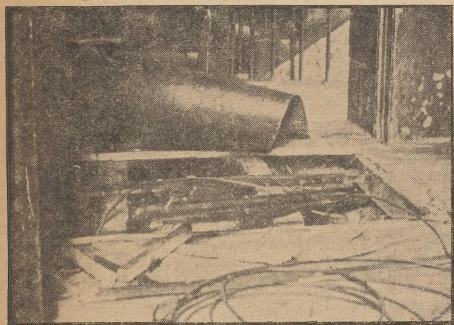




# "MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

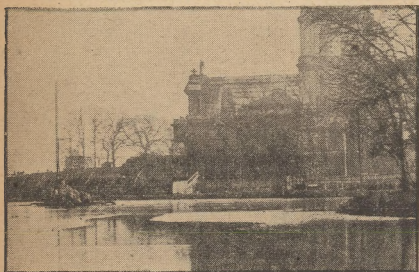


## FIRE AT ETON COLLEGE.



Showing where the fire, which was caused by the fusing of an electric wire, originated at Eton College yesterday morning. The boys were in bed at the time of the outbreak, but there was no panic.

## HELPING THE UNEMPLOYED.



The trustees of the Alexandra Palace have purchased a strip of land, including the lake shown above, for the use of the public, and are now employing over three hundred out-of-works in laying it out.

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Lady Edith Dawson, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, who is to be married to-day to the Hon. Douglas Pennant at St. Michael's Church, Chester-square.

## CHILD INTERPRETER.



Louisa Klinozynsky, the thirteen-year-old linguist, who has written to the Stepney coroner begging to be retained in her proud position of Lithuanian interpreter at the court.

## ARMY'S SMART CAP.



The new pattern Army cap, which is shortly to be issued in material of superior blue cloth, with patent-leather peak, for "walking-out" purposes.



Hon. Charles Douglas Pennant, son of Lord Penrhyn, who is to be married to-day to Lady Edith Dawson.—(Burlingham.)

## HULL FISHERMAN BEFORE THE N



One of the Hull fishermen giving evidence before the North Sea Inquiry Commission. He is seen standing up immediately before the witness box.

## CHAINING THE BRITIS



Our photographs show the remarkable position of the supporters of the new statue to be erected in front of Buckingham Palace in connection with the Queen's half-hearted attempt had been made to protect them from the wintry winds which might become rampant.—(Daily Mirror.)





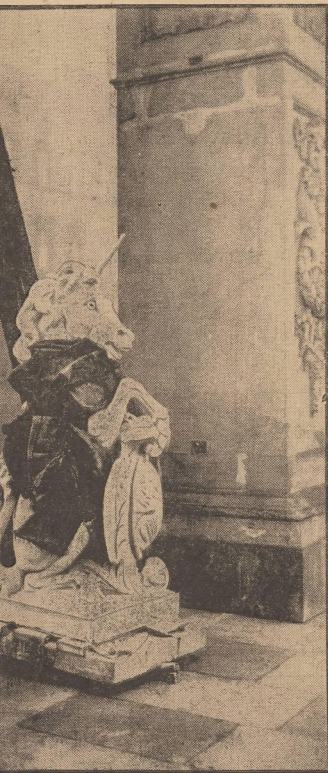
# INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES

SEA COMMISSION.



...n at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Paris.  
...e chandelier.

ION.



...s, the lion and unicorn, which are eventually  
...toria memorial scheme. They look as if a  
...they are both tightly bound for fear they  
...right.)

LONDON v. CAMBRIDGE.



The 'Varsity' team played a drawn game on the Clapton ground at Upton with a side representing the London Football Association.

MANCHESTER'S SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL



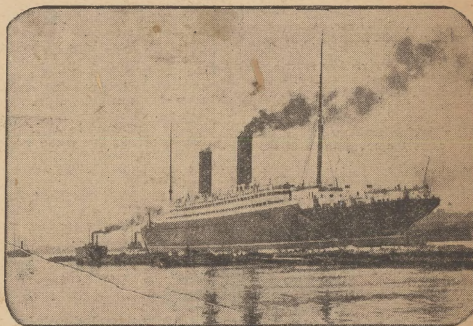
Romeo (Mr. E. Harcourt Williams) and Juliet (Miss Margaret Halstan), who are playing to-night in Mr. Richard Flanagan's tenth Shakespearian revival at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. A portrait of Mr. Flanagan appears in the corner.

RUSSIANS IN MUD HUTS.



Rows of mud huts in which the Russian soldiers on the Sha-ho are living.

CLYDE'S BIGGEST LINER.



The new Cunarder Caronia, the largest vessel ever built on the Clyde. She has left for Liverpool, to be incorporated into the Cunard fleet.

BRISTOL'S FORT CHABROL.



Bailiffs have been watching the house on the left of this picture, at Clifton, Bristol, for weeks, seeking to obtain entrance to make a distraint upon the goods of the occupier. So far he has successfully withstood the siege.

BEWITCHED LINCOLNSHIRE FARM.



The farmhouse belonging to Mr. White, of Binbrook, near Grimsby, where most extraordinary occurrences have taken place, articles of all sorts being moved about and broken without any visible agency. Two hundred fowls have been killed in a mysterious manner.



# A REVOLUTION IDYLL.

The short Russian winter day drew to a close. The luxurious room, with its wide casements, the delight flickered and gleamed in the dusk, throwing grotesque shadows over the panelled walls and tinted ceiling.

A woman lay curled up and almost hidden in a great chair before the wood fire. Her hands idly toyed with a tiny spangle in her lap, as she gazed to the dancing flames.

A knock came at the door. She moved quickly, and with the movement it would seem that she reached some decision, for rapidly she tore up a nap of paper and threw it in the fire. "Come," she called, in a low, quick voice.

"Prince Paul wishes to know if Madame will receive him," came the suave tones of the man-servant.

Anna Pahlhoff gave a little, sobbing sigh. "Yes," she said, "bring him here."

A man's voice, curiously cold and distant, came from the door. "Still theatrical, Anna," and the speaker came out of the gloom of the great room the warm circle of light. He was tall, and it seemed almost difficult for him as he bent over and kissed the woman in the deep chair. The man's face matched his voice. A heavy military mustache softened the outline of his hard mouth, but the rest of the face was almost brutal in its immobility. The black eyes were curiously ill, but they gleamed with a sombre fire.

Anna Pahlhoff stirred restlessly beneath the man's and. "Not at all," she said coldly, "merely misfortune."

Paul Annenkov laughed gently as he bent down to kiss her.

"The time has come at last," he said. "The money and the guns have come, and we are ready. In St. Petersburg the fire must be lit and you, my dear Anna, must supply the match."

The woman remained silent, and the Duke, with a little expressive shrug, continued.

"You must," he went on in that calm, even voice, "see your young student again. Once more you must play your part. Sister Therese must on Saturday night attend the midnight labour meeting, and the result," he added, a quick change coming to his voice, "must be the rising of the people on Sunday. The time is ripe now. Another week and we may hear of promulgation, more reforms, and the work of the past six months will be undone and wasted."

The woman stirred uneasily.

"I will do this thing, Paul," she said, "but remember it is the last time. I have played for my man too long. His heart is on fire, not for his country, but with passion for me. What I think is the zeal of patriotism burning his life is merely an infatuation. He will risk his life for me, but it will be for me, not for Russia."

The room was bare save for a long wooden table and a number of plain wooden chairs. An oil lamp, with smoke-blackened chimney, mingled its light with the fumes of rank tobacco. A dove, clad in round sheepskin, sat around the table. In time to time a word was spoken by one or other. Obviously they were waiting for some one. Two chairs stood unoccupied at one end of the long table.

Steps sounded on the wooden stairs, and the door opened. It was pushed open by a man, and a woman entered. She wore a black cloak lined with dark fur, and its hood hid her head. She was followed by a young

man of twenty-nine. His pale, clean-shaven, ascetic face betokened the student or the priest.

The woman threw off her cloak and handed it to the man at her side.

"You are all here to-night, my brothers," she said in her low, musical voice, as she moved to the vacant chairs. The dull light revealed the uniform of a nurse. The whole workmen's quarter of St. Petersburg knew her. She was Sister Therese. None knew her other name or where she lived. She appeared among them suddenly and mysteriously one day, and had worked among them almost daily for a year. She was just Sister Therese.

They murmured their greetings. Fedor Stephanovitch, the young man who had accompanied her, shook each by the hand. Then from the top of the table he began to speak in rapid, passionate language. "At last," he said in his quick, emotional Russian, "the day of deliverance is at hand. The sun shall not set in St. Petersburg another day before we have struck the first blow towards our freedom."

Turning, he addressed each in turn. "You, Stephan, will bring your 10,000 comrades to-morrow morning to the place of meeting, armed and ready. And you, Ivan, and you, Nicholas, and you, Leon."

He went through the whole list of names. Then each man in turn rose and walked to the top of the table. The white hand of the woman was repeatedly taken and kissed. There was a hoarse whispered oath, binding them to comradeship to death in the cause of freedom. Slowly the men filed out of the smoky room, until Fedor Stephanovitch and the woman were alone.

He turned to her passionately. "At last, my love," he cried, his voice breaking with emotion, "to-morrow your heart will rejoice."

"He stretched out his arms towards her. She seemed almost to cower, and shrank away from that passionate embrace."

An increasing roar sounded in the frosty air. The sunshine poured in through the great windows of the room. Anna Pahlhoff paced restlessly up and down.

The door opened, and Prince Paul came in. He wore a heavy fur coat and huge fur gloves.

"It is done," he cried savagely; "they are coming. Ten thousand men, armed, are in the streets to-day. The troops are pouring down the Nevsky Prospect. The first meeting will be in the square outside."

The woman shuddered. The roar grew nearer and more distinct. Beyond the square a vast torrent of people poured onward. She turned at the sound of halloping, and in the opposite direction she saw the gleam of the helmets of a cavalry regiment.

The revolutionists halted almost beneath her window. Anna Pahlhoff put her hands to her face. At the head of these thousands was a young man, his head erect, and a strange smile playing upon the pale face.

The cavalry halted. There was a moment's silence, and the woman unconsciously showed herself at the window.

Just as a sharp order rang out to the waiting soldiers, the young man looked up. He gave a glad cry, and his eyes were turned to her.

"Therese, Therese," he cried, enthusiasm ringing in his voice. The silence was broken. A sharp rattle of musketry came from the glistening ranks

of the soldiers. With one arm raised the young leader sank slowly to the ground, an inert, limp figure.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, and covered her face. The next moment she looked up again. The body was being borne across to her very doors.

In the great hall they had laid the man. She approached and looked down. Suddenly the closed eyes opened, and Fedor Stephanovitch was looking at her. A smile came over the pale face.

"Therese," he whispered in quick, gasping breath, "Therese, you will kiss me now."

Her face was deathly pale. She hesitated a moment and then slowly bent over him. She touched the pallid lips, and put her hand on the white brow.

The gasping breath stopped suddenly. The voice rang clear. "It was for you, my beloved." There was one long fluttering sigh and the eyes closed. Anna Pahlhoff turned and slowly went up the great staircase.

## TITLED BOOKSELLER.



Lady Wimborne, who will open a bookshop at 8, Dover-street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday next, for the sale of religious and other books.—(Lafayette.)

## REVOLT AND BRITISH TRADE.

City houses with Russian connections are nervous. They are holding over orders until the revolutionary sky clears.

"In the present state of things," said a large exporter to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "no one can feel confidence even in Russian houses of good standing."

The latest available figures show that Great Britain exports £16,000,000 worth of goods annually to Russia, so that large interests are at stake.

Russian exports to Great Britain amount to £31,000,000, and consist mainly of corn, timber, and flax, and would not be seriously affected unless the agricultural labourers struck. Now the disturbance only affects the industrial classes.

nothing in connection with him. He would woo her as "Mr. Anthony," and not until he had won her would he tell her that, with the exception of a great title, he could give her all that the most ambitious woman could desire in this world.

For that reason, too, he did not want to know her name; he wanted to keep up that pretty pretence of fairyland. From what the girl had said he gathered that her mother was a worldly woman. She had no father. For some reason or other her mother had apparently seen fit to exile herself from her native land. That looked as if there were some skeletons in the family cupboard.

Perhaps she was a well-born woman with a small income and a taste for gaieties that she could not satisfy in her own country. Perhaps she had been mixed up in some scandal. Anyhow, she would have to be quite unique if she did not jump at a rich husband for her daughter, and figuratively hurl the blue-eyed maiden at his head.

Now, Anthony Heron did not care a pin who the girl's mother was; he had always meant to marry whom he chose, and he could afford to do it. But on one thing he was determined, and that was that there should be no voice whispering worldly counsel in the girl's ear, urging her to take him, whether she cared for him or no, merely because he was rich.

Therefore, and for these reasons alone, he wished to put off meeting the girl's mother until the girl herself was won.

He had no fear that she would not keep the trust he had made with her for that same day three weeks hence, at the same spot, by the picture of the Madonna, whose heavenly garment was no bluer than the girl's great eyes. She would come; she had come the second time of her own free will, and she would come again. She would come, because she was candid herself, and she feared no evil. And he would not harm a hair of her head.

(Continued on page 11.)

## YELLOW GOLD FOR BLACK DIAMONDS.

Dear me! How greatly the prices of things differ at different times and in different places! Why, bless my heart! I have bought new-laid eggs at sixpence the dozen at one time, and paid threepence for one at another! Many a fine pineapple, such as would do credit to the window of a Covent Garden fruiterer, have I bought for twopence halfpenny. Coals, again—those black diamonds which even the very poorest among us must have in this chilly, damp, dear old England of ours—have cost me two and a half bright yellow sovereigns for one ton, while I have bought the same quantity (but of better quality) for eight shillings! Then I remember a time when I paid a doctor four pounds for advice and medicine that failed to relieve me of a malady that was afterwards cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup at a cost of two-and-six!

"Ah, that is an old story," you say. Yes, my friend, it is. But it is a story continually being told by new people, while some folks tell the story twice, with a long interval between. Mr. Charles H. Sands, is one who does so. So long ago as 14th March, 1900, Mr. Sands wrote: "Two years ago I fell ill. I was dull and sleepy all day, had great trouble to get through my work, and longed to get home and rest. One day my face began to swell, and I felt so bad that one of my mates took my place while I lay down."

"But the brief rest was no good to me, and I had to abandon work entirely. Soon my face swelled frightfully, and the pain became so severe that for three weeks I was delirious."

"The doctor said I was suffering from erysipelas. He knew well enough what ailed me, but he couldn't cure me. That was left for Mother Seigel's Syrup to do. It happened this way. One day, as I sat moping by the fireside, my little son brought me a book that had just been left at the house, and asked me to read it. The book told of people who had suffered like me, and been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup; and so great was the impression it made upon me that I sent for a bottle at once. The very next day I felt better, and by continuing to take the medicine was able to resume work in less than a week. It banished the painful swelling, and gave me back my strength."

When Mr. Sands wrote these words four years ago he lived at 214, Bank-street, Coxtbridge, N.B. He lives there still; and so recently as 22nd August, 1904, wrote to say that his health continues excellent.

Erysipelas is caused by blood poisons. Mother Seigel's Syrup drives out all such humours, and leaves the blood pure and clean.

## DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD

HEALTH, STRENGTH, COMFORT, AND QUIET NIGHTS

To MOTHERS, NURSES, INFANTS, and INVALIDS.

Guaranteed absolutely pure. Sample and Booklet free.

RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.

## Poulton & Noel's

OX TONGUES, POTTED MEATS, and SOUPS

(In Glasses, Tins, Tablets, and 14 Packets.)

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND STORES.

Illustrated Booklet sent free on application.—POULTON & NOEL, LTD., Belgavarian Works, LONDON.

## Old Soaps

Nobody wants the old soaps after using Fels-Naptha once.

But go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

## MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

### NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

Story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—and of one woman.

A Tempest was loved by one, Anthony Heron, a banker, and her husband, Dick Tempest, learning new love and being the most unselfish of mortals, and she was the cause for a new wedding.

Heron, the lover, shocked by the tragedy, resubstant Vanna Tempest. He persuades a landed woman, Lady Somerset, to break with Vanna, and offer her £2,000 a year as a dowry.

Tempest's heart is broken. She lives abroad years, and we see her again in Paris with her Joan, now seventeen. The woman thinks she has her love for Heron, but cannot forget.

The present point of the story she is concerned marriage of her daughter to the Duke of St. but Joan is quite satisfied with the career of the young man.

chum in Paris is the Hon. Billy Charteris, but in a picture gallery she makes the acquaintance of a young man, whose personal charm compels her to

did not intend to see the stranger again, but she is irresistibly to the gallery once more, and he is

never before or since those brief weeks of madness, when he had lost himself with Vanna Tempest, a maze of passion, and, waking suddenly and finding her free, had also found that his love for her was but a transitory emotion after all, and not the serious and deathless thing that he had in all good faith imagined it to be.

He recognised her at once when he saw her as the one woman who could offer sufficient recompense for the surrender of his liberty. There was no hesitation in his mind when he said to himself—"I will marry that girl, or no other." And yet he could have had his choice of the fairest, highest, proudest women in England, and this was a mere slip of a child with a grave face and ruddy hair, and the blue light in all eyes in the world. And he did not even know her name.

But all that did not matter. He did not reason; he knew that he wanted her for his wife, whether she were princess or beggar-maid, and he meant to win her.

There was a reason for the deliberate vagueness of the relations he had established between them.

For many years past Anthony Heron had not been able to go anywhere, or do anything on his own merits. Everywhere, in everything, his fame preceded him, and it was the kind of fame that counts most nowadays—the possession of enormous wealth. Without being by any means a conceited man, he was fully aware of this, and like all powerful men, he had a very low opinion of mankind. Every soft glance, every charming woman who deferred to his wishes and consulted his tastes, every demonstration of his enormous influence over the opposite sex, he looked at askance, in which attitude he was perhaps a little unjust, for he did not know the very considerable fascination of his personality, which affected almost every woman he ever met in his life in greater or lesser degree.

To all the world the name of Tony Heron had a magical, gilded sound. To her it would mean

### CHAPTER XIX.

that the rod of Empire might have sway'd."

this girl, whom he had met casually in Paris, came into his life, Anthony Heron had seen a woman he wanted to marry;



## TO MAKE A NEW COUNTY.

Work Might Be Found for the  
Unemployed in Reclaiming  
the Wash.

### 200,000 ACRES WASTED.

Mr. Percy Alden Suggests Relief Work for  
Mr. Walter Long's Scheme.

Mr. Walter Long, president of the Board of Trade, has formulated his plan for dealing with the problem of the unemployed.

His plans, which will form an important part of the forthcoming King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, may be briefly summarised.

All local authorities within a given area are to co-operate and the Board of Trade is to collect and distribute information as to the state of employment. Relief for able-bodied men, temporarily out of employment, is to be continuous, and as far as possible the work is to be on the land. Disfranchisement is not to follow such relief.

Just as Mr. Long has gone as far as this in his scheme, an excellent little book, "The Unemployed" (P. S. King and Son, 1s. 6d.) has appeared, and goes still farther. It is the work of Mr. Percy Alden, who has devoted his life to the problem of the poor, and whom readers of the *Daily Mirror* will remember by his excellent letter in our columns on the subject.

#### WORK READY AND WAITING.

Mr. Alden and Mr. Long have both come to the conclusion that relief work should, for preference, be on the land; but Mr. Alden suggests what the work is to be.

As he points out, there is any amount of work of exactly the right kind only waiting to be done.

In Holland the Government is reclaiming the Zuyder Zee, of 470,000 acres. The cost of doing this is only £18 an acre, and the reclaimed land is valued at £34 an acre. That is to say, a profit of nearly 100 per cent. is being made, an infinite amount of work provided, and a huge strip of land added to the country.

Why should we not do the same with the Wash? As Mr. Alden points out, it would not be such a serious undertaking as the draining of the Zuyder Zee, yet it would add a new county of 200,000 acres to England.

Ninety years ago the reclamation of land in the Wash was commenced, and 60,481 acres of fruitful land were added to England before the work stopped. Even allowing for the annual interest on the money expended, the annual improved yield of this land was £81,526, an increase capital value of nearly two and a half millions. Surely that is a

good enough precedent from a monetary point of view, not to mention that comfortable farms and rich cornfields now take the place of salt marsh and tide-swept shore. Two of the most fertile stretches of land in England—on the banks of the Tay and the banks of the Forth—have been reclaimed from the sea.

But why should we stop at reclaiming this sunken country, eaten out of the Lincolnshire coast? The waves are attacking our southern cliffs. Why should we not reclaim land at different parts of the coast to make up for this? There is any amount of land which could be made to yield fruitful crops around our coasts.

From the Albert Docks to the Nore, the banks of the Thames estuary might well be reclaimed. The channel wants dredging—the Royal Commission recommended that two and a half millions should be spent on this work—and this dredged matter might be used for making the foreshore, instead of merely tipping it into the sea.

From Woolwich to Hammersmith there are stretches of foreshore which, if reclaimed, would be immensely valuable. The public garden at Fulham, which was reclaimed at a cost of £33,000, is now worth five times that amount.

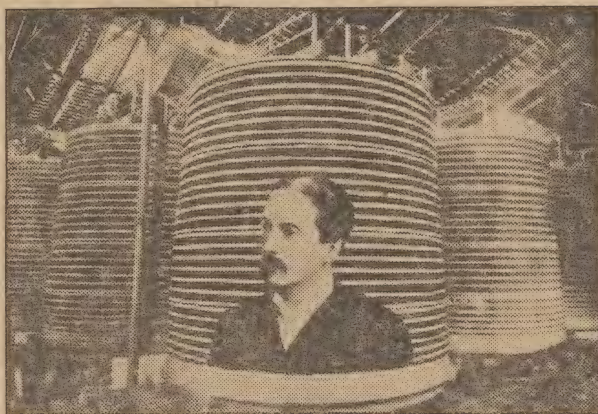
#### OUR MINIATURE CANALS.

Then there are the canals, which want an immense amount of work expended upon them, but which they are not likely to get so long as they are in the hands of private owners and companies. There are about 4,000 miles of canal in England, and about a third of this mileage belongs to the railway companies, who bought the canals up to kill their competition.

At present but few of our canals can accommodate anything larger than barges of from sixteen to eighteen tons. In Holland and Germany many of the canals can take boats up to 1,000 tons.

The obvious solution is for the Government to own the canals, and then put them in decent order. By so doing they would provide work and make money at the same time.

## LORD IVEAGH,



Head of the great Guinness firm, and some of his huge vaults in which the famous stout is stored at St. James's Gate, Dublin.—(Chancellor and Stereoscopic Co.)

## PEERS BEHIND THE COUNTER.

The House of Lords Not Ashamed  
To Go Into Trade.

### LADY WIMBORNE'S SHOP.

There is nothing strange in Lady Wimborne opening a shop for the sale of Church of England literature. Indeed, there would be nothing surprising in a member of the peerage going in for any kind of trade. So many titled persons are engaged in supplying necessities and luxuries across the counter nowadays.

Lady Wimborne, in opening her shop with an "object," is following the lead of Lady Warwick. Lady Warwick opened a shop at 58, Bond-street, with her name writ large above the door, for the sale of needlework by the daughters of tenants on her Essex estate. Lady Wimborne's shop is to sell books, but especially those of a religious and serious nature. The shop, of which we give a photograph, is at No. 8, Dover-street, in the very heart of Mayfair, and opens on Wednesday. It is to be known as the "Church of England Book Store," and has a committee of influential society people connected with it, which should ensure success.

As almost all the peerage made their money in the first place by trade, it is not surprising that

they should go back to it again. There is an old verse which runs—

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas is in re-dressing;  
But gartered name and noble brand  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild and the Barings.

But the very people who were chosen to represent untitled commerce are now in the peerage side by side with the older names.

The first peer to engage in the retail coal business was Lord Londonderry. He opened his first depot quite near the House of Lords, and everybody was immensely interested in his enterprise, though a goodly number professed to be excited. His name certainly does look queer on the glass door of a coal office, and still queer on a large board announcing the prices of "Best Seconds" and "Best Bright Cobbles."

The late Marquis of Bute chose a very unusual outlet for his business capacity. As the owner of the only English vineyard in the South-east (English) wine. Ten years ago the year's yield of wine from his vines near Cardiff was valued at £3,000.

Lord Sudeley makes jam, and specialises in "whole fruit preserves." His name upon the jars is quite a guarantee.

#### PEER WHO GARDENS.

Lord Ranfurly has a large fruit farm in New Zealand, and while Governor was often to be found himself pruning and planting, for he is a first-class gardener.

Lord Harrington also deals in fruit, and has the distinction of being the first peer to actually open a shop. With a vineyard in Sussex, and excellent fruit, flowers, and vegetables inside, he does quite a flourishing trade at Charing Cross.

Lord de Warr has done excellent business as a land agent at Bexhill, and owns almost everything in the town. Among other things he is the proprietor of the Sackville Hotel.

In Hanover-square is the shop of the famous "Lucille," who produces "emotional gowns" and some of the smartest raiment beloved of society. "Lucille" and Lady Duff Gordon are one and the same person.

Lord Normanby, though not in trade, is a business man. He is the first instance for many years of a Marquis in holy orders, and, with the exception of Lord Petre, who is a Roman Catholic priest, the only peer who has ever been a schoolmaster. When he came into the title he turned his ancestral home into a preparatory school, and charges £220 a year as fees for his scholars.

#### EARNED THEIR TITLES IN TRADE.

As for the peers who have risen to that position owing to their enginuity in trade, their name is legion.

Viscountess Hambleden, who holds her peerage in her own right, is the widow of the famous Mr. W. H. Smith, of bookstall and publishing fame. Lord Burton was the first of the much-discussed "beverage," and his name is synonymous with Bass's ale.

Lord Ardilaun, with whom the Prince of Wales is staying at the present moment, and his brother, Lord Iveagh, are the heads of the great clan of Guinness. If it were not for that famous brewery Dublin would be a much less prosperous city than it is to-day, and Lord Ardilaun might not be one of the few living men, royally equipped, who gaze at his statue in public place. The corporation of Dublin had one erected to him some years ago as a mark of gratitude for the line public park he gave the city.

Lord Ashton inherited a small carpet factory, and made a peerage out of linoleum.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

He had held her eyes, and seen in them kindled the fire that makes of a child a woman. He knew that they were made for one another; she did not know it, but she felt it, although as yet she did not guess what it was that stirred within her.

And Anthony Heron, the despair of all London drawing-rooms, the irresistible, the adamant Tony Heron, whom no great lady's wiles had ever touched, felt as if he must sing aloud with joy because a girl's eyelids had fluttered beneath his gaze.

When he reached the Place Vendôme, he did not enter the hotel, but walked on, up the Rue de la Paix. He looked in at all the shops, where are displayed the costliest things in Europe, and he thought of his blue-eyed fairy princess, whom he had just left, of all the things he would buy her, the jewels and the fine raiment and the flowers to make a garden of the place she lived in; and he wondered whether her head would be turned, that small, proud, young head that she held so high, or whether she would remain the grave and simple creature who had told him that she did not want to be rich, but only to live quietly among the fields and trees and flowers of her native land.

At the corner, opposite the great Opera House, he met a friend who wanted to sell him a railway concession in Persia, and persuaded him to sit down at the Café de la Paix and discuss the matter. So it was not until nearly dinner-time that he returned to the hotel.

He went straight to his rooms, and found that he had very little time; as he was due in less than half an hour at the hotel of a great French financier, where he was to meet at dinner three other men of various nationalities, all stars of the

first magnitude in that exclusive and romantic firmament which is known as la haute finance. As Heron was pulling off his coat, his man came in.

"Your letters are there, sir. This one has just been delivered by hand, sir," he said.

"By hand?" Heron said absently. "It's bound to be an invitation. But it doesn't, Henry, on the dressing-table. I've no time now. I'm very late as it is. Get me into my clothes as quick as you can."

But presently, while he was brushing his hair in front of the mirror, his gaze fell on the letter that lay on the dressing-table. The handwriting was vaguely familiar to him.

"It is this letter that was sent by hand, Henry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He took it up, and looked at it more closely.

"Now, whose handwriting is that?" he said, half aloud. "That huge 'A' and the funny, uncrossed 't's.' It's only a woman—that's obvious."

Suddenly the brush that he still held dropped from his hand, and he gave vent to a sharp exclamation. "To think that I should have forgotten her handwriting!" he muttered.

He opened the envelope and took out the letter, with a frown on his handsome brow.

The paper was thick and of the finest quality, but perfectly plain. In one corner, in small letters, was the address—19, Rue Marbeuf, Champs Elysées.

"Dear Tony," the man read, "I have read in the paper that you are in Paris. I wish you would come to see me. Don't be afraid. I don't want to worry you. It's only a should so much like to see you again. If you would come to-night at ten o'clock, I'll be all alone.—Yours, VANNA TEMPEST."

When he had finished it Heron stood quite still, holding the sheet of paper in his hand. There was

a curious expression on his face, a mixture of displeasure and distaste, and a softer look, that might have been pity, or the melancholy that is roused by a long-dimmed memory of something that was once dear.

The obsequious voice of his man made him start. "Your coat, sir."

He slipped his arms into the sleeves, and then put Vanna's letter into the breast-pocket with some other papers.

"It was rather an important letter, after all, Henry," he said, by way of explaining his abstraction. "I must be off. I shall be horribly late."

The swift electric brougham soon conveyed him to his destination. It was a magnificent house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The interior was splendid and heavy and sombre, a perfect museum of art, but looking as if no woman's presence had ever graced it.

Directly Heron arrived they went in to dinner. There were no women—only Heron and his host and the three other financiers. It was entirely a business gathering.

The dining-room was hung about with Bayeux tapestries; the light streamed down softly from some invisible source; the elaborate dinner, the gold dishes on which it was served, the marvellous wines, the huge footmen, the flower-laden atmosphere—everything spelled an opulence that amounted almost to a fabulous luxury.

The host—Baron Meyer de Niederbourg—was of the aristocracy, physical and mental, of the Jewish race.

A man of forty, of slender and elegant build, he had the delicate head and features of an Arab, an intellect as keen as a rapier, and a wonderful "fair" in matters financial that had raised him from nothing to his present proud position of one of the richest and most respected men in France. Of the other three, one was a German, another an Austrian, and the third a man of Dutch origin

who had made an enormous fortune in the United States and had become an American citizen. The German was ponderous and obstinate, the Austrian impassively courteous, and the American impatient as a bound in leash. They were all in deadly earnest, and all bore traces of Hebrew descent. Tony Heron, with his handsome, boyish face and cheerful smile, looked strangely out of place among them. He was the youngest of them by some years, but he knew that he held them all in hollow of his hand.

They talked business all through dinner, at least four of them talked. Tony Heron hardly said anything at all. The matter under discussion was the amalgamation of a group of companies, which would probably mean the entire control of the greater portion of the world's coal supply. There had been some disagreement about the formation of the syndicate. Anthony Heron made up his mind; the others had not made theirs. He was the most powerful factor in the combination, and he knew that eventually he would have to come round to his way of thinking.

They had met to-night to try to persuade him to abandon his "take it or leave it" attitude.

So they talked, and he listened, and knew they talked in vain. He had made up his mind; they would have to make their own factor.

What they said did not interest him very much. Their arguments were worn threadbare. They sent representatives to London to try to convince him; the American had paid him a personal fortnight ago. So, while he appeared to be he had leisure to think of Vanna Tempest, to hume the memory of her, and to wonder how low he had fallen, and so briefly from out the buried past.

So she had written to him. She wanted to him again. Should he go? He did not know.

(Continued on page 15)



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# THE MINOR POINTS OF DRESS AND THEIR IMPORTANCE.

## ITEMS THAT SIGNIFY.

### BELT THAT MAKES THE WAIST LOOK LARGE.

Her dress accessories are items quite as important in the toilette equipment of the well-garbed woman as is the material from which her gown is made. Collars and cuffs—whether separate or attached—belts, handkerchiefs, gloves, pins, veils, everything, in fact, that goes to complete a harmonious whole must have the greatest care and attention.

The present fancy for detachable, washable collars will recommend itself to women who love daintiness of person. It was expected that the return of the fashion for linen cuffs—both plain and

embroidered—would have taken the fancy of smart girls far more greatly than it has. Perhaps the spring will see cuffs, as well as collars, modish. The fad for shirts that will wash is becoming more and more pronounced, and a very sensible one it is, for it ensures delightful daintiness and neatness. But the girl who is not very well off should certainly learn to wash and get up her pretty cotton shirt herself, or her parents will find the amount of their laundry bills considerably raised. Even in the coldest weather white lawn shirts are modish, especially when worn under fur coats or capes. Such thin shirts must be put on over a silk slip, beneath which there may be a neat little vest of wool, Lisle thread, or silk, which will cling to the figure and enhance the warmth-giving properties of the fabric of the shirt.

### MAKE OR MAR.

Belts are another item of attire that either make or mar a gown, and a woman's figure as well. It is predicted that the furore for high centurians will soon suffer a decided reaction, and that narrow belts will presently be once more the fashion, though in a great many cases there will be a tendency towards more width at the back than in the front.

Crushed belts, unless they are worn very tight, are liable to make the waist look much larger than it really is, though the latest models are so unusually attractive as to prove far too tempting to be resisted.

In gloves, as in everything, there are new fashions each year both in colour and cut, but it is rarely that a decided innovation makes a great success. Gloves that simply slip over the hand and are confined at the wrist by an elastic band and a strap and buckle are having a wonderful vogue amongst country girls.

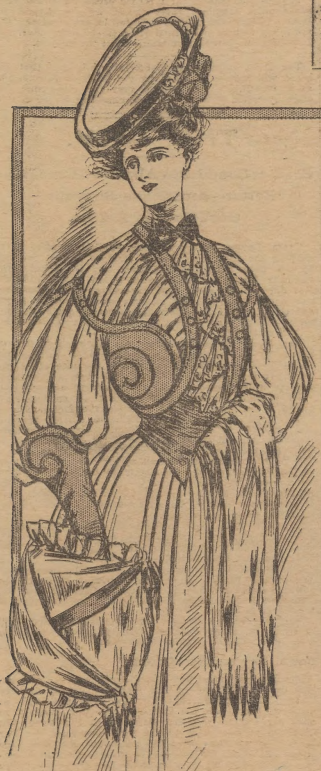
Too much cannot be said about the necessity for proper care when removing the gloves from the hands, for upon this more than anything else depends the length of time a pair of gloves will wear. After unfastening the glove it should be turned back over the hand as far as the fingers,

and then should be pushed off, without pulling the fingers of the glove at all, as when this is done the threads of the sewing are broken, and in a short time begin to become unsewn.

Among the novelties is a pair of gloves which have hidden in the palm of the left hand a tiny purse to hold a shilling or two in small change. This is a convenient possession for occasions upon which a large and cumbersome purse is decidedly in the way.

### LARGE MESH VEILS.

A veil from which all freshness has fled is about the most forlorn-looking object in the millinery wardrobe it is possible to see, and possesses the power of destroying entirely the beauty of an otherwise fresh toilette. When once a veil mesh has been found that brightens and beautifies the appearance of the complexion, it is a good plan to purchase a large stock of it. Some women find that a small mesh eliminates all character and piquancy from their countenances, while others discover in the large mesh, especially when it is spotted, an undesirably bold effect. Coloured veils of very bright tints are not modish, and are very trying to the complexion, but brown ones are sold for brown hats and fur toques, and grey ones for grey millinery, though grey is a colour that should only be chosen by the very few; its influence upon the face is not universally becoming.



Dark and pale amethyst-purple cloth are mingled in the toilette shown above, and note the muff, which is of a novel shape.



Three-quarter sleeves are applied even to the latest redingote, and when a huge muff is worn as well as long suede gloves the arms do not feel cold.



The green cloth coat illustrated here is trimmed with braid to match, and is worn with a waistcoat, a nose-gay, and a smart bead bag.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

While the great financiers argued he tried to make up his mind.

He had not exactly forgotten her, but he never thought about her. He had deliberately put her out of his mind and out of his life when he left Victoria Station for Egypt one winter's morning, nearly three years and a half ago. He had made up his mind then, and he had always been quick to make his decisions, relentless in carrying them out.

He had suffered a good deal himself, more than he expected. He had missed the woman frightfully; but he had lived it down. The experience had taught him to beware of love and its pleasant paths, and he had known all the time that he was right, that neither he nor she could have been happy if he had married her.

How right he had been this day of all days had taught him, when he had looked into the blue eyes of his fairy princess and seen the twin soul that every human being must meet and recognise some day.

How strange that Vanna should have written to him to-day!

He had not known that she was in Paris. At first he had rigidly forced himself not to inquire into her movements; by degrees his interest in them had died. He could not help knowing that she travelled a great deal, or had at first, because Lady Betty Somerville had written to him from time to time, and said to him, later on, when he

came back from his travels: Mrs. Tempest is at Mentone—or Paris—or Biarritz—or Rome—or wherever it happened to be. And he had always hoped that she had forgiven him and was having a good time. He also knew that the money that was paid quarterly by his solicitors was sent to Paris, but he did not know that she had settled down there. For more than a year Lady Betty had not mentioned her.

And now she wanted him to go and see her. Should he go? What the servant stripped the table and arranged the dessert and the old Venetian glass he debated the question. And the financiers gathered closer round the table, and their voices grew more earnest, their arguments more impassioned.

Should he go? Why not? She wanted him to. She wrote a nice letter, showing plainly that she wanted to meet him only as a friend. He had treated her very badly. If she wanted to see him—the least he could do was to go. And, after all, why not? There was no danger. No woman could be constant for more than three years, and he was armoured-plated against the spells of the greatest sorceress who ever lived.

At last the Baron rose from the table. It seemed to Anthony Heron that these earnest men had been talking through all the ages, and he had not heard a word of what they said, and yet outwardly he had been all attention.

When they entered the smoking-room he saw by the clock on the mantelpiece that it was nearly ten o'clock. He immediately turned to his host.

"Monsieur de Niederbourg, I greatly regret that I have an appointment at ten o'clock."

A chorus of dismay greeted this announcement. The dogged young Englishman had not yet been persuaded to abandon his imperial and autocratic attitude.

"He bade them good-night collectively."

"Messieurs, think it over, and let me know within the week, if you please. I am sorry that I cannot see my way to change my mind. I have the honour to wish you good-night."

His host accompanied him into the hall.

"You have ruffled them, monsieur," he said, in his beautiful, low voice. "They will combine against you. They are strong, you know."

Tony Heron shrugged his shoulders.

"If they don't care to come in," he said, "I will do it alone."

"I admire you, monsieur," replied the Baron, with a smile that displayed all his dazzlingly white and perfect teeth. "I like a man who knows his mind."

He shrugged his shoulders, too. He was so rich that he did not care. Finance was a game to him now, and he liked to see the best man win.

"I shall count on you anyhow, Monsieur de Niederbourg," said Tony, gripping his host's hand, and then he stepped into a fiacre, and gave the driver the address that was stamped on Vanna Tempest's note-paper.

(To be continued.)

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# NORTHERN UNION

## ANTICIPATIONS.

Leeds' Great Match at Warrington  
—Bradford at Wakefield.

## ANOTHER RUGBY UNION CONVERT.

With the Cup-ties within hailing distance, there are full programmes of League matches in the Northern Union just now, and to-day will find the whole of the First Division clubs engaged in the hunt for points.

As last Saturday, six instances occur of Lancashire and Yorkshire teams being in opposition, and of the half-dozen perhaps the one inviting most speculation is that between Warrington and Leeds at Widdows. Neither of the clubs is particularly well-placed for the championship, but both possess strong sides, and very little separates them in the League table.

Yorkshire clubs have met with scant success at Widdows this season, and Leeds may have to pay dearly for their tenacity in beating Warrington at Headingley by 11 points to 3. A player whose movements will be more closely scrutinised than those of any other player is Branshaw, the clever half-back Leeds secured from Bramley, and who is so rapidly building up an enviable reputation in Northern Union circles. Except that Shugars will appear in the forwards, the Warrington team will be identical with that which lost so narrowly to Bradford.

Of the three leading clubs, Broughton Rangers alone have the advantage of playing at home this afternoon, and although Halifax, reinforced by several prominent players whose absence had been severely felt, showed signs of rejuvenation a week ago, there is good reason to expect another triumph for Wilson's men. The way the latter have come on after an indifferent start has been remarkable, and it is reassuring that few changes are now necessary in the team, which varies only in one respect to-day from that which won at St. Helens, Winkfield replacing Whitehead.

Two successive away victories have earned for the Rangers a hearty reception this afternoon. Halifax, unhappily, have Newton again on the injured list, and a trial may be given to J. Hilton, the ex-Leigh half-back, who, along with Hinson, has been transferred to the Cup-binders. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the try Bulmer scored last Saturday was the first recorded by the Halifax captain for two years.

Were one to judge merely by the positions Bradford and Wakefield Trinity occupy in the League table, nothing would seem more certain than that the champions would win today, even though the match has to be played at Wakefield. As a matter of fact, it will probably be only by means of a strenuous effort that the visitors will triumph at all for the Trinity, to the end that they may wipe off a few old scores, have this week been making special preparations. Besides, as Mr. J. H. Barrow, the old English international, says, "Wakefield, put on their mettle, are a bad team to beat at home."

Mention of Wakefield reminds one that the return match between the two local Rugby Union clubs has been cancelled owing to the rough play in the first encounter, when seven players were ordered off the field.

Widnes are distinctly unfortunate in not having a full team available for the engagement with Oldham, who will find the chemical town representatives lacking their regular half-backs, the reserve pair, Howard and Morris, having been promoted. It is sure to be a hard match, since Widnes need points badly, and Oldham could well have done with the assistance of some of their players now laid up.

In connection with the Oldham club, an interesting ceremony has taken place this week in the form of a presentation to Ferguson of the ball, suitably decorated and inscribed, with which he recently kicked his hundredth goal on behalf of Oldham.

Hull played so poorly against Wakefield Trinity a week ago that the club's supporters will be anxious to see Goodfellow and Goodard in harness again for the Leigh match. It will be the first appearance since Boxing Day of the ex-Gloucester half-back, and Leigh side, too, there is an interesting reappearance, Herbert Bennett having consented to once more turn out, while Neville is fit for service again.

Kingston Rovers ought to easily account for St. Helens, who are generally impatient when figuring away from home. Mr. Gedball, the old Salford forward, assists the Rovers, for whom, also, Carmichael will appear on the wing.

Yet another prominent Rugby Unionist has "verted" at the instigation of the Salford club, in whose ranks against Lancaster R. M. H. Bell, who has assisted Somerset on a score of occasions, will appear. He displaces the ex-Hunslet three-quarter, J. E. Davies.

Wigan have deemed it advisable to drop Thomas, the young Welshman whose capture cost so much money, and to reintroduce Gleave, who was wont to combine very effectively with Hopkins. It is doubtful whether the change will lead to victory in such an arduous out engagement as that with Hunslet.

Swinton's visit to Batley should provide the Mount Pleasant brigade with two sorely-needed points.

HORNET.

## AMATEUR PLAY.

Cup-ties the Principal Attraction in To-day's List.

There are eight ties to be played off to-day in the second round of the Amateur Cup competition, but none of them in points of interest will set in the Thames valley. This Amateur Cup competition was always of stunted growth, and the protest of Old Xaverians has rather exposed the sport, in which some amateur play. What do our good friends the professionals think of the business?

It is perhaps in Service circles that the Amateur Cup arouses most interest, for the Royal Engineers (Chatham) are considered the best team in the Army, and they are expected to win the trophy, in addition to that belonging to the Army Association. However, they will find Shepherd's Bush a sturdy side, possessed of plenty of pace.

Clapton will travel to Southend, and with the Cambridge Farnfields on the right wing there should be

only one side in it. And Ilford ought to beat City Service. Ealing v. Oxford City looks a very open game.

Old Reptonians and Old Etonians will make another attempt to play their Arthur Dunn Cup-tie at the Essex Ground, Leyton, and those who want to see a real hard game played in the old style should turn up.

Neither Cambridge nor Oxford have a match to-day; but on Monday Cambridge will have a game with G. O. Smith's scratch side at Queen's Club, and on Wednesday Oxford meet W. J. Oakley's scratch side, also at Queen's Club. The folly of playing on unfit grounds has been shown by the injury sustained by C. C. Page in the Cambridge v. Spurs match.

TEMLAR.

## TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

### ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I.  
Everton v. Manchester City. Warrington v. Bury.  
Manchester City v. Newcastle United.  
Sunderland v. Aston Villa.  
Derby County v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Division II.  
Barnley v. Burton United.  
Grimsby Town v. Blackpool.  
Leicester Fosse v. Luton.  
Lincoln City v. Burnley F.C.  
Bolton Wanderers v. Glossop.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.  
Portsmouth v. Brentford.  
Northampton v. Q.P. Rangers.  
Bristol Rovers v. Exeter.  
Watford v. New Brighton.  
Reading v. Tot. Hotspur.

Division III.  
Southampton R. v. Brighton.  
Southall v. Watford R.  
Swindon R. v. Wycombe W.

SOUTH ESSEX LEAGUE.  
Barking v. South Weald.  
Romford v. South West Ham.

LONDON LEAGUE.  
Queen's Park Rangers R. v. Clapton Orient.  
Willenden T'n v. Fulham R.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.  
Eastbourne Old Town v. Hastings and St. Leonards.  
Grays U. v. Hitchin Town.

WEST KENT LEAGUE.  
Cray Wanderers v. Lewisham.  
Holmes v. Eitham.  
Swancombe v. Gravesend.

AMATEUR CUP.—Second Round.  
St. Augustine's v. Old Xaverians.  
Notts J. v. West Harrogate.  
Shepherd's Bush v. R.E.B. Darington v. South Bank.

SCOTTISH CUP.—First Round.  
Airdrieonians v. S. Johnstone.  
Greenock Morton v. Renton.  
Aberdeen v. Motherwell.  
P. Glasgow Ath. v. Stranraer.  
Glasgow Ran. v. Ayr-Park.

LONDON SENIOR CUP.—Second Round.  
Clapton v. West Hamstead.  
Arthur Dunn Cup.  
Old Reptonians v. Old Etonians.

OTHER MATCHES.  
Nunhead v. Clapham.  
Old Albionians v. Old Forest-hillians.  
Merlow v. Croydon Wand.  
G.W.R. Athletic v. Slough.  
Norman v. Old Glaziers.  
Crouch End v. Vampires.  
Richmond Association.

## RUGBY.

### COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Shipton.—Cumberland v. Yorkshire.

### OTHER MATCHES.

Ldn. Welsh v. W. Harp. v. Leicester v. Gloucester.  
Ldn. Irish v. Maribou Nom. Manchester v. L. Pool Old B.  
Lancaster v. Maribou Nom. Manchester v. L. Pool Old B.  
Lancaster v. Maribou Nom. Manchester v. L. Pool Old B.  
Lancaster v. Maribou Nom. Manchester v. L. Pool Old B.

### NORTHERN UNION.

#### THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

Batley v. Swinton.  
Wakefield Trin. v. Bradford.  
Broughton Ran. v. Halifax.  
Leigh v. Hull.  
Hull K. v. St. Helens.

#### Division II.

Bramley v. Keighley.  
Brighouse Ran. v. Dewsbury.  
Castleford v. Huddersfield.  
Hunslet v. Wigan.  
Warrington v. Leeds.  
Widnes v. Oldham.  
Salford v. Runcorn.

#### Division III.

Rocheold Hor. v. Morecambe.  
York v. Pontefract.

### TO H.M. THE KING.



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- Send replies, with your name and address clearly written, to D. M. Y. B., 3, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., on or before Tuesday, February 28th.**  
It is distinctly understood that the Editor's decision and awards are final.
- A Government Menu.**  
A menu for a day's meals is issued in an official document quoted in the Year Book. For what kind of consumers is the menu intended?
- A Great Day at Glencarron.**  
In a national survey of 1904 the village of Glencarron, in Ross-shire, was notable for something occurring on June 16. What was its distinction?
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The "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK can be obtained from all Newsagents and Booksellers, price 1/6.

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## DAILY BARGAINS.

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## DAILY BARGAINS.

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## DAILY BARGAINS.

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## DAILY BARGAINS.

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490s. 6d. each; 500s. 6d. each; 510s. 6d. each; 520s. 6d. each; 530s. 6d. each; 540s. 6d. each; 550s. 6d. each; 560s. 6d. each; 570s. 6d. each; 580s. 6d. each; 590s. 6d. each; 600s. 6d. each; 610s. 6d. each; 620s. 6d. each; 630s. 6d. each; 640s. 6d. each; 650s. 6d. each; 660s. 6d. each; 670s. 6d. each; 680s. 6d. each; 690s. 6d. each; 700s. 6d. each; 710s. 6d. each; 720s. 6d. each; 730s. 6d. each; 740s. 6d. each; 750s. 6d. each; 760s. 6d. each; 770s. 6d. each; 780s. 6d. each; 790s. 6d. each; 800s. 6d. each; 810s. 6d. each; 820s. 6d. each; 830s. 6d. each; 840s. 6d. each; 850s. 6d. each; 860s. 6d. each; 870s. 6d. each; 880s. 6d. each; 890s. 6d. each; 900s. 6d. each; 910s. 6d. each; 920s. 6d. each; 930s. 6d. each; 940s. 6d. each; 950s. 6d. each; 960s. 6d. each; 970s. 6d. each; 980s. 6d. each; 990s. 6d. each; 1000s. 6d. each; 1010s. 6d. each; 1020s. 6d. each; 1030s. 6d. each; 1040s. 6d. each; 1050s. 6d. each; 1060s. 6d. each; 1070s. 6d. each; 1080s. 6d. each; 1090s. 6d. each; 1100s. 6d. each; 1110s. 6d. each; 1120s. 6d. each; 1130s. 6d. each; 1140s. 6d. each; 1150s. 6d. each; 1160s. 6d. each; 1170s. 6d. each; 1180s. 6d. each; 1190s. 6d. each; 1200s. 6d. each; 1210s. 6d. each; 1220s. 6d. each; 1230s. 6d. each; 1240s. 6d. each; 1250s. 6d. each; 1260s. 6d. each; 1270s. 6d. each; 1280s. 6d. each; 1290s. 6d. each; 1300s. 6d. each; 1310s. 6d. each; 1320s. 6d. each; 1330s. 6d. each; 1340s. 6d. each; 1350s. 6d. each; 1360s. 6d. each; 1370s. 6d. each; 1380s. 6d. each; 1390s. 6d. each; 1400s. 6d. each; 1410s. 6d. each; 1420s. 6d. each; 1430s. 6d. each; 1440s. 6d. each; 1450s. 6d. each; 1460s. 6d. each; 1470s. 6d. each; 1480s. 6d. each; 1490s. 6d. each; 1500s. 6d. each; 1510s. 6d. each; 1520s. 6d. each; 1530s. 6d. each; 1540s. 6d. each; 1550s. 6d. each; 1560s. 6d. each; 1570s. 6d. each; 1580s. 6d. each; 1590s. 6d. each; 1600s. 6d. each; 1610s. 6d. each; 1620s. 6d. each; 1630s. 6d. each; 1640s. 6d. each; 1650s. 6d. each; 1660s. 6d. each; 1670s. 6d. each; 1680s. 6d. each; 1690s. 6d. each; 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